McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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THE LEADERS SHUT OUT.

The Hicks Were the Easiest We Have Met Yet.

FULLER PITCHED BEAUTIFUL GAME

Servatius Makes a Home Run—Eldred Defeats Olean.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Played	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Austin	7	5	2	.714
Smethport	6	4	2	.667
Coudersport	6	4	2	.667
Port Allegany	6	2	4	.333
Eldred	9	3	6	.333
Olean	4	0	4	.000

Our bunch of ball tossers dished up a mess to the Austin Hicks last Friday which was very bitter for the boys from the sawdust city and the only consolation the visitors got out of their crushing defeat was the thought that they had sense enough to hide all of their "kow given" in a hollow log at home before coming to scrap. It appears that those fellows, who are usually so flush with the filthy lucre, got a hunch which left a wide streak of yellow within them and the overwhelming defeat of eleven good healthy runs for the home team to nine large ciphers for the visitors broke nothing but their hearts.

The game opened with Smethport at bat. Sasse went to first on four wide ones and was thrown out trying to make third on F. Swayne's error on Tull's grounder. Tull was caught trying to purloin second, Sleiger to McNamara. Keefer walked and was forced at second on Servatius' hit to F. Swayne. M. Swayne hit one to Keefer and was out. "He's only got a little dinky out" which, loudly vociferated Swayne at this juncture. The sequel shows that Fuller had several "little dinky outs." McNamara was given a life on Bell's error and was doubled on F. Swayne's fly to Tull. No runs.

In the second Studholme, Bell and Denning went out. Buckley singled, went to second when Keefer let Denning's poor return of the ball get away from him and to third on a passed ball. With a man on third and none out a run seemed certain, but Fuller rose to the occasion. Henneman fanned, Young captured Verner's fly and O'Brien hit to Keefer. No runs.

After Young and Fuller had been retired at first in the third Sasse walked and stole second where he died when Buckley nailed Tull's drive to center. Page struck out, Sleiger reached first on Tull's low throw, M. Swayne walked, McNamara hit a short fly to right which Denning by hard sprinting gathered in and F. Swayne died, Studholme to Keefer. No runs.

The balloon went up in the fourth. A base on balls, a hit batsman, four errors, two singles and some fast base running netted Smethport six runs. The interest from this on was centered on a shut out. Buckley struck out, Henneman took one in the slats and was a moment later doubled up with Verner, Fuller to Studholme to Keefer. Score, 6 to 0.

In the fifth Servatius reached first on McNamara's error who redeemed himself after Studholme had fanned by squeezing Bell's liner and doubling Servatius unassisted. Fuller gave his trousers a hitch, grinned and fanned O'Brien, Page and Sleiger in quick succession. No runs.

Denning, Young and Fuller went out in order in the sixth, as likewise did M. Swayne, McNamara and F. Swayne.

Smethport added three in the seventh. Sasse reached first on an error at short and was sacrificed to second by Tull, Buckley dropped Keefer's easy fly and three runs counted when Servatius drove one into the creek for a homer. Three Hicks took each his turn at bat. Score, Smethport 9, Austin 0.

The eighth was unproductive of runs, each side going out in order.

Several errors and a single gave us two in the ninth, while the usual number of Hicks faced Fuller, made the usual gyrations and went way back to the bench. Score, 11 to 0.

Fuller pitched a remarkable game, allowing but one hit and striking out 11 men. In the last six innings but 18 men faced him and but one man reached third and one other second during the entire game. Verner also pitched gilt-edged ball and had he been equally well supported the game would have been mighty close.

Just a word in regard to the Austin players. A more gentlemanly lot of fellows never played ball before a Smethport audience and barring three innings played like veterans. They did not kick on a single decision, neither did they display any of the anarchistic or anthropophagous tendencies attributed to them throughout the circuit.

Joe Norton of Allegany, N. Y., umpired the game in a fair and impartial manner.

The tabulated score follows:

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sasse, cf	3	2	0	4	0	0
Tull, 3b	4	0	0	1	1	1
Keefer, 1st	4	2	1	9	0	1
Servatius, lf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Studholme, 2b	4	2	1	5	4	0
Bell, ss	4	0	0	0	1	1
Denning, cf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Young, c	4	1	0	12	1	0
Fuller, p	4	1	1	1	1	0
Total	37	11	5	27	8	3

AUSTIN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
M. Swain, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
McNamara, 2d	4	0	0	4	5	3
F. Swain, ss	4	0	0	1	4	5
Buckley, cf	4	0	1	2	0	1
Henneman, 3d	2	0	0	3	3	1
Verner, p	3	0	0	0	2	0
O'Brien, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Page, 1st	3	0	0	13	0	0
Sleiger, c	3	0	0	6	1	1
Totals	29	0	1	27	15	11

By innings:
Smethport — 0 0 0 6 0 0 3 0 2—11
Austin — 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Home run—Servatius.
Sacrifice hit—Tull.
Base on balls—off Fuller 2, off Verner 4.
Hit by pitcher—by Fuller 1, by Verner 1.
Struck out—by Fuller 11, by Verner 2.
Stolen bases—Sasse, Tull, Keefer 2, Servatius 2, Studholme, Bell, Fuller.
Double plays—Tull to Keefer; Fuller to Studholme to Keefer; McNamara, unassisted.
Passed ball—Young 1.
Time of game—1:15.
Umpire—Joe Norton.

ELDRED 17—OLEAN 0.

On Monday the Eldred ball team went to Olean and defeated the Aliens in a most decisive manner. The game was the Angels' from the start and the final score was 17 to 0.

McCoy-Dunbar Nuptials.

Married, at Olil, N. Y., on Wednesday, August 5, 1903, at high noon, by the Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Miss Edna A. Dunbar to Mr. Guy H. McCoy. The wedding, which was performed at the home of the bride's parents, was a quiet home wedding, only the immediate relatives of the high contracting parties being present.

The bride is the elder daughter of Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Dunbar of the United Brethren congregation at Olil, N. Y., and a talented young lady, who, while teaching in the Smethport High School, has made many friends in this place. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCoy, and for several years has been the assistant treasurer of the Hamlin Bank and Trust Co. He is an energetic young business man and is always prominently identified with every movement for the betterment of the town. That this popular young couple may enjoy long life of wedded happiness is the wish of the MINER and a large circle of friends.

After the wedding ceremony Mr. and Mrs. McCoy left for Buffalo and the Canadian cities, and we understand that the greater portion of their honeymoon will be spent in the fishing and hunting territory of the Dominion.

Injured at Turtle Point.

An aged man by the name of George Schoonover was frightfully injured at the temporary saw mill recently erected out from Turtle Point near the foot of Champlin hill, last Tuesday afternoon by coming in contact with a rapidly going circular saw. He was in under the mill doing some kind of work and raising up the saw struck him across the back, cutting a deep gash about eighteen inches long. Dr. Stevens of this city was summoned by telephone and arrived promptly. He found the injured man weak from loss of blood, but fortunately and miraculously the saw hadn't reached a vital part. A telephone message from there just as the Reporter goes to press says that the man is resting easy and that the prospects are good for his rapid recovery. So far as we have been able to learn the accident is the result of carelessness.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Pancoast-Haidley.

Mr. Harry Pancoast of this borough and Miss Lena Haidley of Lyons, N. Y., were united in marriage at the home of William Horse in Lyons on Monday, July 20, 1903, in the presence of a few friends. After a pleasant honeymoon trip of two weeks they returned to their home in this place Tuesday evening where they will reside in the future.

The bride is a handsome young lady of pleasing address and we trust she will make many friends in her new home. Mr. Pancoast is an employe at the Haines Flint Bottle factory and has many friends in town who with the MINER extend congratulations.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 1, 1903:

Miss Matilda Anderson, C. M. Clark, Dallas Depp, Thomas Finn, Mr. Geo. Hover, Mrs. Maude Nelson, Miss Rilla Smith.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

For Sale Cheap.

3 second-hand Buggies, in first-class condition. Will be sold at a bargain.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

☐75c buys a Straw Hat that sold up to $2.00, at Wm. Monheimer's.

Redfield has a 5-ply, guaranteed garden hose for 10c. a foot.

CHARGED WITH INVOLUNTARY MANSLAUGHTER.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Decker are Held on Serious Charge.

THEY ARE RESIDENTS OF CROSBY.

Parents Refused to Have Medical Assistance for Sick Child—Arrests Follow Child's Death.

This morning Constable E. W. Jones went to Newerf and placed under arrest Gideon H. Decker and his wife, Emma Decker, on a charge of manslaughter. They are charged with causing the death of their eighteen-months-old son, Edwin, mention of whose death was made in these columns last week. Bernard E. Driscoll, superintendent of the McKean County Humane Society, is the prosecutor.

Mr. and Mrs. Decker were brought to Smethport and were given a hearing before Justice Knapp at 10 o'clock this morning. Sheridan Gorton appeared for the prosecution and the Deckers had no attorney. A few witnesses were sworn, who testified that the child was not given proper medical aid and the justice remanded the defendants to jail without bail to await trial on the charge of involuntary manslaughter.

During a conversation with a lady, who is a neighbor of the Deckers, the writer learned that this family have always been good honest people who were kind to their children and good neighbors, and that their reason for allowing this little child to die as he did was because of their recent conversion to the "faith cure" doctrine as taught by that fanatical religious sect commonly known as the "Holy Rollers."

Previous to February last the Decker family were members of the Methodist Episcopal church but at that time a Rev. Summers started a revival meeting for these Holy Rollers at Crosby and among other things he preached very strongly on the "faith cure" doctrine. The Deckers were converted to this belief and became members of the sect, and when their child was taken sick with a severe case of cholera infantum they depended upon the intervention of the Supreme Being instead seeking the aid of a physician. Now they are languishing in jail while the Rev. (?) Mr. Summers is sojourning in New York State for his health.

We have a great deal of sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Decker in their double misfortune. They thought they were obeying the will of God instead of committing a crime in their treatment of this little boy. But, in the interest of humanity, this "faith cure" fallacy must be abated and therefore it was not with any intention of persecution that this prosecution was made.

A Peculiar Accident.

Some days ago while two of the most popular and prominent young people of this place were wandering through the woods, the young gentleman shot with a revolver at an object on a hardwood tree. Directly following the discharge of the weapon, the young lady at his side uttered words that denoted pain. He turned to her and learned that she had experienced a sharp pain in one of her arms. An investigation was made but no abrasion was discovered. On the ground near where the couple were standing the bullet from the revolver was found. It did not strike the young lady with sufficient force to make a wound. The bullet glanced from the first tree, struck another and then returned to nearly the spot where it had started from. The Enterprise is pleased to report that there was no serious result from the accident.—Coudersport Enterprise.

A Fast Mile Trot.

A dispatch from Cleveland, Ohio, dated July 31, says: In spite of a heavy breeze that blew down the home stretch Lou Dillon, owned by Billings of Chicago, and driven by Millard Saunders, succeeded in breaking her record this afternoon at the Glenville track. That she did not break the world's record for trotters, 2:02¼, held by Cresceus for two years, was due entirely to the wind, as she went to the three-quarters pole in 1:31¾. But for the wind she would have made the last quarter in 30 seconds. As it was it took her 1 second longer, the time for her mile being 2:02¾, beating her own previous time by three-quarters of a second, and beating The Abbott's time half a second. A crowd of about 7,000 persons witnessed the exhibition and enthusiastically cheered the beautiful little mare and her clever driver.

For Sale.

One oak dining table, six leather upholstered dining chairs and an oak side board or buffet. For particulars apply to F. G. Lindholm.

Bring this to Monheimer and you'll get 10 more trading stamps than your purchase entitles you to.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

The seat of the Hon. John Morrissey, M. C., is to be contested on the ground that that distinguished law-maker and law-breaker has not resided in this country long enough to legally entitle him to the place. Why was it not done last season?

Morris Kellar was brought before the mayor on Thursday last, charged with committing an assault upon Simon Glenn. The fracas occurred at the shop of Mr. Mullin, about halfway between Church and Sartwell [Washington] streets. An occurrence of this kind seldom occurs in this place as the policemen are generally on the lookout. Kellar gave bail for his appearance at court.

We are informed that Frank King of this place has been made commissioners' clerk for the ensuing year. Frank is just the man to fill this position and we think the commissioners showed good sense in selecting a person of so good business qualifications.

The Lower House of the Illinois Legislature has passed, by a vote of 78 to 9, a bill separating the city of Chicago from Illinois and ceding it to Indiana.

Married, in Port Allegany, Jan. 31, 1869, by Wm. Wilkin, Esq., Mr. Abner Rockwell and Mary Starkweather.

Died, on Wednesday, Jan. 27, at the residence of her son-in-law, Wm. K. King, Esq., in Ceres township, Mrs. Betsey Young, in the seventy-sixth year of her age.

We understand that our young friend Orlando R. Hamlin has been selected by Mr. Dolley to do the business pertaining to the county treasurership. We congratulate the deputy upon his good luck and feel confident that no better appointment could have been made as Mr. Hamlin is possessed of good business qualifications and will do the business in a most satisfactory manner. Last fall E. B. Dolley and W. W. Brewer were nominated in convention by the political parties as candidates for county treasurer. The entire Republican ticket with the exception of the treasurer, was elected by majorities ranging from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. Mr. Dolley was elected over Mr. Brewer by the vote of Republicans whose excuses were that they "wanted to get the treasurer's office out of the hands of the Hamlins" who, they claimed, had had "the running of the machine for the past eight or ten years," and they wanted "no more boys to do the business of that office." How gratifying it must be to those men who bolted the Republican ticket to see what they have accomplished! And the poor Hamlins! They must take the loss of this office to heart! As for "boys" doing the business we are sure the business is helped—Mr. Hamlin being 21 and Mr. Brewer but 26 or 27 years of age. But, as we said before, we are pleased with the selection which Mr. Dolley has made, feeling confident that the business will be done just as satisfactorily as though he had deputized a man of more mature years and one bearing another name. In the future it would be well for Republicans to look out for "boys," the "ring" and above all "the Hamlins."

The Republican ticket in Keating township was elected entire on Friday, Feb. 12, 1869, with the exception of township auditor. Andrew Reilly, Esq., is the town auditor elect and a right o'ever man he is—his only fault being that he is a Democrat.

The result in the borough was as augured by all the wise men. For the past two years there has been but one ticket nominated and this has usually been elected by an "overwhelming majority." The only objection to this style of proceeding is that once in a while a man turns up whose name is not upon the ticket, and who, of course, envies the persons who are elected to fill these responsible positions.

Married, at the residence of Hon. A. N. Taylor in this place, on Thursday, March 18, 1869, by Rev. R. K. Pierce, Mr. G. C. Heinman of Williamsport and Miss Elmira Goodwin of Farmers Valley. The frosted "Johnny-cake" given us looked very well, but had too much of the matrimonial taste to be right palatable. The "V" sent us was relished; it had such an effect upon our drooping spirits (we were about out of "spondulux" before we received this) that we went to work and tore off our vest sleeves. The thought that we were able to replace them was one which never before entered our mind and it was indeed consoling. That the bride may prove a Good-win is our hope in behalf of the bridegroom, and for her we trust she has at last found a firm Guy to steady her through life's rugged storms. The wish of the printers is that their pathway of life may be strewn with flowers and their ways that of pleasantness and peace.

Died, in Annin, March 10, 1869, Sophronia M., daughter of Geo. F. Tubbs, aged 13 years, 8 months and 13 days.

Hammocks. Hammocks.

We have a few fine ones left which we will sell at a bargain. Holmes & Gilfillan.

SARTO CHOSEN AS PONTIFF.

Successor to Leo XIII Named on the Seventh Ballot.

NEW POPE TAKES TITLE OF PIUS X

Announcement of the Result of the Election Received With Great Enthusiasm—Career of New Head of the Church.

Rome dispatches dated August 4, in part, say: The conclave, after being in session for four days, to-day elected Guiseppi Sarto, patriarch of Venice, as Pope, to succeed Leo XIII, and he now reigns at the vatican and over the Catholic world as Pius X. To-night all Rome is illuminated in his honor.

His election and the assumption of his holy office were marked by a striking demonstration and impressive ceremonies at the vatican, which only ended this evening. To-morrow the new Pope, clad in his full pontifical robes, and with all the ritualistic ceremony, will receive the members of the diplomatic corps, the cardinals and the bishops, who will then offer their official homage. This, notwithstanding the fact that twice to-day the cardinals and many high officials of the vatican went through a similar ceremony.

The date upon which the coronation of Pius X will occur has not yet been officially decided, but the impression prevails that it will occur August 9. Although the election was over at 11 o'clock this morning and was announced to the world 5 minutes later by the appearance of the new Pope at St. Peter's, the conclave was not formally dissolved until 5:30 this afternoon. The cardinals then returned to their various apartments in Rome with the exception of Cardinals Rampolla and Oreglia, who temporarily retain their official suites in the vatican, and Cardinal Herrero, who is too ill to be moved for several days. It was to the sick cardinal whom the new Pope paid his first visit after being formally proclaimed Pontiff.

The election of the patriarch of Venice this morning was unanimous. After Monday's ballots it was a foregone conclusion that he was the only candidate sufficiently acceptable to all to secure the necessary two-thirds which the laws of the church require. One of the cardinals said to the representative of the Associated Press to-night that he believed Pius X would follow the broad lines of Leo's policy, although not likely to accentuate it. This voices the general feeling here, which is one of satisfaction.

The new Pontiff is a man of simple origin and although not a candidate, he had been frequently mentioned as one of the many cardinals who might be taken up as a compromise. In several respects he resembles his venerable predecessor, notably in his reputation for culture and piety. Having been associated with no factions, this fact alone won him much favor from foreign cardinals, who were without an especial candidate.

When he pronounced his first benediction to-day at St. Peter's his voice rang out with splendid resonance. In every way to-day he showed beyond a doubt that he has dignity and personality in keeping with the best traditions associated with the famous Pontiffs who for centuries have ruled the vatican.

CAREER OF NEW POPE.

Pius X was only 23 when he was consecrated a priest at Castelfranco, the birthplace of the great master Giorgone, acting afterwards for nine years as coadjutor to the parish priest of Tmolo, province of Padua, a small village of 2,950 people, who were the first to appreciate his virtues. His kindness was untiring. He sought to fill their wants and never a murmur was heard when he was called in the middle of a winter night to a deathbed which proved to be nothing of the kind. He gave freely of his very small means, until he often went without meats himself, but he kept many poor families from starvation. In 1875 he was elected chancellor of the bishopric of Treviso, then spiritual director of that seminary, judge of the ecclesiastical tribunal, and finally vicar general.

Pope Leo, who had highly appreciated his cleverness, piety and modesty, appointed him, in November, 1884, at the age of 49 years, bishop of Mantua, where he remained nine years, until 1893, when he was made a cardinal and appointed patriarch of Venice. He there distinguished himself as a thorough reformer, suppressing all abuses, restoring the dignity of the clergy and the earnestness of religion. To him is due the revival of a Gregorian chant in the beautiful churches overlooking the lagoons and to him is due the strict return to lithurgic rules. Sarto became the idol of the Venetians. When his gondola went through the canals the people rushed on bridges and along the sides of the canals, kneeling and saluting, the women exclaiming, "God bless the Patriarch."

Government Printing.

If President Roosevelt accomplishes what he has set out to do, and he generally accomplishes what he undertakes, he will win the respect of every right-minded citizen of the United States for it is a herculean undertaking that Mr. Roosevelt is about to begin. He proposes, through his subordinates in Washington, to make a thorough investigation of the government printing office with a view to ascertaining why it costs the government from 50 to 100 per cent. more to perform its printing and binding than would be charged, profit included, by a private institution, says the Bradford Star.

The actual work of the investigation will not be undertaken until the case of William Miller has been disposed of, nor is it expected that evidences of fraud will be found, but it is believed that many reforms in the interest of economy will be found practicable and doubtless one of the most important of these will be the abolition of respect for the rule of the bookbinders' union which limits the output of each employe until, at the present time, every capable binder could easily finish his daily task by noon.

The necessity for such an overhauling of the government printing office has long existed, although it has only recently been brought to the attention of President Roosevelt, as a result of the Miller case. But theretofore no President has had the courage to undertake a reform which politicians generally have believed would cost the President that attempted, if the support of the labor vote of the country. President Roosevelt fears no such consequence. To those of his advisers who tell him he will lose the labor vote he says that they underestimate the intelligence of that vote; that the laboring men of the country are nowhere bound by the antiquated rules which govern the bookbinders' union and that they will appreciate the necessities of the case and refrain from criticism of the President who undertakes to inaugurate up-to-date methods.

Moreover, President Roosevelt believes that he has demonstrated his friendship for organized labor, in the case of the coal strike and in other instances.

In his speech before the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, last September, the President said, "I believe in organized labor. I feel that we must always keep before our minds the fact that there is nothing sacred in the name itself. The worth of an organization depends upon its being handled with skill, courage, wisdom, a spirit of fair dealing as between man and man, and wise self-restraint.

"You teach the benefit of organization," the President continued, "and you also teach the benefit of keeping absolutely unimpaired the facility of the individual initiative, the facility by which each man brings himself to the highest point of perfection by exercising the special qualities with which he is himself endowed. A great deal can be accomplished by each working for all and all working for each, but we must not forget that the first requisite in accomplishing that, is that each man should work for others by working for himself, by developing his own capability."

With such a view of organized labor, its ends and aims, a rule which limits the capacity of the individual is naturally repugnant to Mr. Roosevelt's conception of the highest ends of unionism, as well as to the business administration of government affairs.

Look Out for This Swindler.

A bunco agent recently passed through Austin "doing the town." He was selling a "Resurrection Plant" and took in considerable money on the fake. Nobody found the weed he "palmed off" on them to be what he claimed. This fraud has been operating around this country and it is about time the matter was taken hold of by the police. The same fake worked in Cuba, N. Y., last fall and many people were swindled out of twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents. If any of our readers meet the swindlers elsewhere if they will purchase one of the fake plants and then have the rascal arrested on charge of swindling he will find plenty of victims here and elsewhere to prove the case and he will do a service to the people of this section who certainly have enough to look after without being robbed by such swindlers as this.—Austin Republican.

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

Estray Notice.

Came to the premises of the undersigned in Sergeant township, August 4, 1903, eight head of young cattle. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges.

C. N. BATES, Bayer Farm.
Clermont, Pa., Aug. 5, 1903.

Select a $1.00 hat and pay only 89c at Wm. Monheimer's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ARCULARIOUS

By William H. Osborne

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Arcularious knew his business all right. Every evening he went and stood in line with all the other push cart men in the little back street where the fruit cellars were, and loaded up with yellow bananas. And Arcularious took good care to be among the few that got the best for the least money. Had not his mother and his father kept a little shop in Athens where one went in and bought in the dark and came out and found out he had been swindled in the light? Arcularious knew how just to manipulate a bit of fruit to make it look large and sound.

In order to make peddling a success in a great city there are two classes you must consider—first, the public; next, but not least, the police. The public is always ready to buy but the police are not always willing to let you sell, Arcularious, of course, had a license. This permitted him under the law to remain stationary at the curb for the space of three minutes. Under the police it was different. Arcularious noted out of the corner of his eye that a patrolman's idea of three minutes was highly elastic.

"G'wan, now!" exclaimed Officer Mulligan to Arcularious just as the latter was pulling his cart away from the curb. "G'wan, you bean here long enough, you Hungarian." Arcularious, the first thing this happened, started to explain—first, that he was not a Hungarian; second, that he had not been at a standstill for even three seconds.

"G'wan, now!" exclaimed Mulligan, giving Arcularious such a push that knocked his special three cent fruit into the street. "None o' yer lip."

Arcularious cleared out. At first he couldn't understand it, but by dint of frequent inquiry he found that three minutes from the police point of view was chronologically a cipher unless—

Unless your greased the officer's palm with a substantial portion of your profits. Under such circumstances three minutes might extend itself into three hours, and the law which takes no note of trifles, would never know the difference.

But Arcularious, whose remote ancestor doubtless held the pass at Thermopylæ, rebelled. That which the law considered unto him—that, he reasoned with himself, he must have.

"These man," he reasoned with himself, referring to Policeman Mulligan—"these man! I shall get even—very even, with these man!"

It has ever been a mooted question whether the policeman was made for the side door or the side door for the policeman. There were several side doors on Policeman Mulligan's beat, like as not all made for him. At any rate, he made for them with a persistency worthy of a better cause. But the powers that be had labored the side door practice. So it was only when the coast was clear that Mulligan deigned to enter.

"And to think," he complained bitterly, "that a year ago I could stand out in the street and drink a pailful. Ah, g'wan, you dirty Eyetalian! Get out o' there!" Arcularious picked up his handicd fruit and once more went his way.

Next day he reappeared, but not alone. He brought with him three bright eyed, curly headed boys from his tenement house. Each of them had a banana in his hand. Mulligan loomed up around the corner and made for an interesting side door. As he entered it four pairs of eyes were fixed upon him.

"These man," explained Arcularious to his crew—"you watch these man. See, it is Hennessey No. 447" he continued, indicating the name and number of the saloon. Mulligan was inside for fifteen minutes. He emerged wiping his mouth upon the back of his hand. Arcularious drew away and kept on the move, continually following Mulligan at a respectful distance. The boys continued to eat bananas. Four times they saw the officer enter a saloon, and the smallest lad, who could tell time, calculated that Mulligan had spent over an hour in half a day at the pleasant occupation. At about 2 o'clock Arcularious placed his cart squarely in front of one of Mulligan's favorite cafés. Mulligan was inside and soon came out. He was red in the face.

"Get out o' here," he examined, swinging Arcularious with a vicious jolt against the cart. The boys looked on.

"What for you do this, No. 337," inquired Arcularious, squinting in a knowing way at the officer's helmet.

"Aw, say now," demanded Mulligan, "you fellows is slowin' away the stuff. Say, gimme a quarter a week an' I'll let you alone."

Arcularious shook his head. "From me," he replied, "nothing. I demand my rights."

Mulligan grew redder in the face and charged on the Greek. "Y'ain't got no rights, you Chinaman!"

Arcularious smiled. "You have no rights to be so much in these places." Behind him their faces on a broad grin, stood the three urchins.

"We saw yez four times," they said to Mulligan. "We're goin' up to headquarters with the Greek. He's goin' to give yez dead away."

Mulligan turned pale. "What!" he demanded of Arcularious. The latter nodded and started off. He had but ten feet to go to reach the end of Mulligan's beat. A quarter of a mile away loomed up headquarters, stern and forbidding.

"Say, hold on there," continued Mulligan in a beseeching voice. "What 're you goin' to do?"

"I tell these judge," responded Arcularious, "that four, five time a day you go in these saloon. These boy tell that to the judge."

Mulligan's face broke into a smile. "Say, Mr.—Mr.—what's yer name! Come back here for a minute. I want to introduce you to a friend o' mine." Arcularious looked for an instant at the officer, then, leaving his cart in charge of two of the boys, took the third with him. Mulligan led the way up a pair of dirty stairs to a lawyer's office. Mulligan and the lawyer talked in whispers for a moment. The lawyer addressed Arcularious sharply. "Here," he said, "you mustn't interfere with this officer, sir. What d'ye mean by it?"

Arcularious bowed and showed every tooth in his head. "Exactly," he replied, waving his cap in the air. "These man go in saloon six, seven, eight times a day, judge, your honor; eight times, these man, No. 337. I see him; he see him; they see him."

The lawyer plucked Mulligan by the sleeve. "Say, Mulligan," he whispered, "that fellow means business—he's sharper than you think for. You better shut his mouth—pay him something. You can't afford to be broke."

Mulligan pulled out a roll of bills and shoved them into the hand of Arcularious. "Here, Mr. What's Your Name," he said, "take this and keep your mouth shut about the side door biz. Understand?"

Arcularious bowed low and thrust the money into his pocket. "And now," he announced, "I go to other judge and tell him. Maybe I get more money. Eight times I see these man"—

Mulligan started in to speak. Arcularious stopped him. "Maybe," he said, "I do not so. How long," he asked of Mulligan, "have we been here?" Mulligan looked at the clock and answered mechanically, "About three minutes, I suppose."

"Three minutes," returned Arcularious, with a significant gesture toward his cart which they could see from the window, "and how long is these three minutes—on these streets?"

Mulligan smiled. He understood. He saw the policeman on the next block driving the unfavored push cart men before him.

"About three hours and a half to you," he replied.

Arcularious waved his hand and turned to the boy. "I give you and these other boy some of these," he said, significantly tapping his pocket. "I never see these man, 337, go into these saloon, did you?"

"You bet your sweet life I didn't," answered the boy.

The Price of Two Portraits.

Professor Lenbach of Munich painted Bismarck's portrait and some afterward was informed that Baron Bleichroeder would like to buy it and wanted to know the price. Lenbach sent back word that the price was 25,000 marks, and at that time Bleichroeder declined to become the purchaser. Some time afterward Bleichroeder invited the painter to call on him, and on his arrival he asked him if he would be willing to paint his portrait. Lenbach replied that he would be willing to do it work and that the price of the portrait would be 25,000 marks. "You are asking only 25,000 marks for a portrait of Bismarck," said Bleichroeder, "and hardly, and certainly my portrait ought to be much cheaper."

"You are right in one respect," replied Lenbach, "Bismarck and you certainly fall to be spoken of in a same breath. Still, the price for these portraits is the same, for you must remember that it gives me very great pleasure to paint your portrait. Bleichroeder's portrait was never painted by Lenbach.

Changed His Tune.

A mother and baby entered a closed Broadway car at Fourteenth street and straightaway the little one began to cry.

The men in the car—and nearly all the passengers were men—pulled their papers up closer to their faces and tried to shut out the noise.

The baby cried the more.

As the car pulled up with a jerk to avoid running into a blockaded truck at the Grace church corner the chimes began to ring. The first few notes gave no clew to the selection.

Suddenly the baby ceased crying and crowed.

Then it came to the passengers that the chimes were ringing out the wedding march from "Lohengrin."

The baby crowed again.

One by one the papers dropped disclosing smiling faces. The motorman and a grin, the conductor chuckled and the baby kept on crowing.

The bridal procession crept out of the church. The blockade straightened itself out. With a clank of bell the car started on toward the Battery. The chimes died away.—New York Tribune.

More Than He Asked.

Some Philadelphians visited Richmond, Va., and, asking as to the use of this and that large building, were told, in every case that it was a tobacco factory. An aged negro gave them the information, and they, tiring of the monotony of the reply, pointed to a white frame building on a hill and asked whose tobacco factory that was, according to the Detroit News-Tribune. The old fellow replied:

"Dat, sah, am no factry. Dat am S'n John's Episcopal church, where Marse Patrick Henry done get up an' ax de Lawd to gib him liberty or gib him death."

"Well, uncle," asked one of the trio, "which did the Lord give him?"

"Tears to me yo' must be strangers hereabouts," he answered, "else yo'd all know dat, in due time, de Lawd gabe Marse Henry bofe."

The Worst of It.

"Barker is not much on form," said the first commuter. "Why, the other day I saw him eating breakfast food for supper. And that wasn't the worst of it"—

"What could be worse?" broke in the second commuter.

"Why, this," replied the first commuter, with a grin: "He actually had on evening dress at the time, with a morning glory in his buttonhole."—New York Times.

Breaking Him In.

Anxious Mamma—Why do you keep George waiting so long when he calls?

Pretty Daughter—I want to get him used to it by the time we are married.—Baltimore American.

WORK AND LOOK YOUNG.

You Will Succeed If Your Heart Is In Your Labor.

Is it hard work that makes people grow old or is it because they do not have enough to do, or, rather, do not find the thing they are best fitted to do?

The hardest worked people in the world are the actresses, yet some of them, without mentioning names, are sixty and some play the parts of lovers and boisterous young tomboys at an even greater age.

The Americans are the hardest worked people in the world, yet foreigners call us a young looking nation. Nothing makes a people look so young as liberty. There is none of the cramping caste restricted blight upon our people that is seen in Europe. The oldest looking people in the world are not those who have worked hardest, but those who have not worked at all. If one would see them he wants to go to the fashionable watering places. There he will see comparatively young men and women who have never worked, either with body or mind, driven around in bath chairs or hobbling about on canes, while men absorbed in business are often quite robust at seventy.

Where hard work ever killed a man laziness and inaction have killed a score. It is the class that feels above work that nature has little use for. Work and look young!—Boston Globe.

The Rock That Moses "Smote."

The famous "Rock in Horeb," anciently called the "Rock of Massah" and at present known throughout the orient as the "Stone of the Miraculous Fountain," being the identical rock which Moses struck with his rod in order to give water to the children of Israel, is religiously preserved and guarded even down to this late date. Dr. Shaw in his book "Shaw's Travels" says, "It is a block of granite about six yards square lying tottering and loose in the middle of the valley of Rephidim and seems to have originally been a part of Mount Sinai."

The action of the waters of that miraculous fountain, as related in the seventeenth chapter of Exodus, followed a channel about two inches deep and more than twice that broad across the face of the rock, this not upon unsupported testimony, but upon the word of such men as the Rev. Dr. Shaw, Dr. Pocock, Lieutenant Cloghet and other eminent scholars and travelers. M. Beamingerton, a German nobleman who visited the "Rock of Horeb" in the year 1507, declares his belief in the generally accepted story of it being the rock of Moses' famous fountain.

Famous Moated Houses.

The moat which so often surrounded halls and castles in the old days is now generally dry and filled up, but some remarkable specimens still remain. Perhaps the finest example of a moated house is Helmingham Hall, the seat of Lord Tollemache, in Suffolk, about eight miles from Ipswich. The drawbridge still remains, and it has been raised every night for more than two years, the ancient precaution being observed even though the need for it has long passed by. The moat which surrounds Leeds castle, near Maidstone, is so wide that it may almost be called a lake. The ancient Episcopal palace at Wells is surrounded by walls which inclose nearly seven acres of ground and by a moat which is supplied with water from St. Andrew's well. A venerable bridge spans the moat, giving access through a tower gateway to the outer court.—London Standard.

Life After Death.

A German biologist has been investigating the question of the activity of animal bodies after death and has published some suggestive conclusions. It appears that death is not instantaneous throughout the physical organism, for it has been observed that many of the different tissues continue active for a considerable period after the time when the animal is assumed to be dead, particularly in the case of the lower animals. Cells from the brain of a frog, for example, have been kept alive for over a week when held in certain solutions and the heart of a frog has been known to beat for many hours after being removed from the dead body. The hearts of turtles and snakes will beat for days or even a week after death.—Harper's Weekly.

One Was Enough.

"You love my daughter?" said the old man.

"Love her!" he exclaimed passionately. "Why, I could die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks 200 feet below!"

The old man shook his head.

"I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

His Bad Memory.

"I suppose," said the condoling neighbor, "that you will erect a handsome monument to your husband's memory?"

"To his memory!" echoes the tearful widow. "Why, poor John hadn't any. I was sorting over some of the clothes he left today and found the pockets full of letters I had given him to mail."

Heated.

Jones—Wonder what made Mrs. Sutton look so heated when she picked up that photograph from her husband's office desk?

Jaynes—Good reason for becoming heated. It was one of his old flames, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Betting Philosophy.

"Do you think that betting is wrong?"

"It depends on circumstances," answered the town oracle. "If you can't afford to lose it's wrong; if you can it's merely silly."—St. Louis Lumberman.

Simple Mediocrity.

"Why did she marry him?"

"I give it up. He wasn't bad enough to need reforming nor good enough to make a desirable husband."—Judge.

In finding fault it is very easy to be untruthful and unfair.—Atchison Globe.

SAVED HIS FINGER.

The Faithful Brahman Felt, However, That He Had Lost Caste.

One day a Brahman accidentally touched some unclean object with his little finger. The Brahman thought that now his little finger having become unclean, any substance which it would touch would be also rendered unclean and thus make him an unclean man. Seeing no other way to get out of the scrape he resolved to get the offending member amputated. Forthwith he went to a carpenter and explained to him that unless the finger was cut off he (the Brahman) was unable to take food. The carpenter tried to dissuade the devotee and urged that an application of some drops of water from the sacred river Ganga would make the finger once more holy, but the Brahman persisted. He said that the finger was of no use to him any longer and that he would not rest until it was severed.

As a final recourse the carpenter resolved to play his awkward customer a trick. He told the Brahman to put his finger on an anvil and to look to the sky while the wound was inflicted. The Brahman did so. The carpenter took up a hatchet and gave the finger a smart blow with the back of it. This elicited a cry of pain from the patient, who at once put the finger in his mouth to allay the agony. The carpenter, laughing, explained to the Brahman that the blow had missed and the little finger was still entire, and, worst of all, the Brahman had defiled himself by putting the finger into his mouth. The obliging operator, however, offered to perform the operation once more, but the Brahman had had enough pain for the nonce and declined with thanks.—Golden Penny.

Some Mustache History.

What is the history of the mustache? In Greece and Rome no mustaches were worn without beards, but in the conquering days of the Roman empire several half civilized races who had come partially under the influence of the Romans and who wished to be rid of the name of barbari, or wearers of beards, attempted to shave in imitation of their conquerors; but, as they had very imperfect implements for the purpose and as the upper lip is notoriously the hardest part of the face to shave in the case of any one poorly skilled in the art, they were unable to make a clean job of it and left a quantity of hair on the upper lip.

This mark was characteristic of several nations on the confines of Roman civilization, of the Gauls in particular, of the Dacians and some others. The Latin language has no word for mustache. This barbarous accident was unworthy of the honor of a Roman name.—Exchange.

The Dinner Hour.

It is a curious fact that with almost every generation the dinner hour has undergone a change, the principal meal of the day being eaten at different periods, from 10 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. The author of "The Pleasures of the Table" points out that in England 400 or 500 years ago people took four meals—breakfast at 7, dinner at 10, supper at 4 and bever at 8. In France in the thirteenth century 9 in the morning was the dinner hour; Henry VII. dined at 11. In Cromwell's time 1 o'clock had come to be the fashionable hour and in Addison's day 2 o'clock, which gradually was transformed into 4. Pope found fault with Lady Suffolk for dining so late as 4. Four and 5 continued to be the popular dining hours among the aristocracy until the second decade of the nineteenth century, when dinner was further postponed, from which period it has steadily continued to encroach upon the evening.

A Fling at Tennyson.

In the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" is a letter to her husband in which occurs the following amusing little fling at Tennyson:

"Did you know that Alfred Tennyson is to have a pension of £200 a year, after all? Peel has stated his intention of recommending him to her gracious majesty, and that is considered final—A chacun selon sa capacité! Lady Harriet told me he wanted to marry, 'must have a woman to live beside; would prefer a lady, but cannot afford one, and so must marry a maidservant.' Mrs. Henry Taylor said she was about to write to him in behalf of their housemaid, who was quite a superior character in her way."

Teeth.

Small, chalk white teeth are a sign of a weak constitution. Strong, normal teeth are large and yellowish white. Sometimes an enthusiastic novelist in depicting the charms of his heroine will give her two rows of pearls between her ruby lips. The truth of the matter is nothing could be more ghastly or unnatural or unbecoming than teeth made of pearls. It is only "store teeth" that possess a high polish.

Two Sad Men.

First Fisherman—Why do you come to this lonely place to fish?

Second Fisherman (sadly)—Because I like solitude and silence. I am a widower. And you?

First Fisherman—Because I, too, like solitude and silence.

Second Fisherman—Ah, you also are a widower?

First Fisherman (more sadly)—Not yet.

As Rare as Curious.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jorkson, as she closed the book she had been reading, "do you know what is the most curious thing in the world?"

"Of course I do," replied the brutal hair of the combination. "The most curious thing in the world is a woman that isn't curious."—Stray Stories.

Got Rid of Him Quickly.

"Well, I got rid of that life insurance agent in short order," savagely remarked Mr. Higgsworthy.

"You didn't insult him, did you?" asked his wife.

"Insult him? No! I gave him my application for a policy, blame him!"—Chicago Tribune.

ZERO AN ANCIENT TERM.

It Was In Use In Babylon Thirty-six Centuries Ago.

The term zero, which is used to designate a cipher and in meteorology the entire absence of heat in the atmosphere, was, according to a mathematical historian, Moritz Cantor, used by the Babylonians about the year 1700 B. C. This, however, is merely a supposition. It has not been definitely established that zero was in use any earlier than 400 A. D. About this time it was used in India, and several centuries later the Arabs began to employ it. Through the Arabs its use became known to Europeans during the twelfth century. It was not generally adopted in Europe until several centuries later, notwithstanding its great advantages. For a considerable time there were two parties among the European educators. One party, known as the abacists, favored the adoption of the Hindoo system of notation (falsely called Arabic), with its position values, while the other, known as the abacists, favored the Roman notation, without zero or position value.

The general adoption of the Hindoo system was greatly facilitated by the facts that it was explained in most of the calendars for more than a century, beginning with 1300, and that the mediæval universities frequently offered courses devoted to the use of this notation.—Chicago Tribune.

An American Waterloo.

Wellington at Waterloo and Meade at Gettysburg each held the highlands against his antagonist. Wellington on Mont Saint Jean and Meade on Cemetery Ridge had the birdseye view of the forces of attack. The English batteries on the plateau and the Union batteries on Cemetery Heights commanded alike the intervening undulations across which the charging columns must advance. Behind Mont Saint Jean, to conceal Wellington's movements from Napoleon's eyes, were the woodlands of Soignes. Behind Cemetery Ridge, to conceal Meade's movements from the field glasses of Lee, was a sharp declivity, a protecting and helpful depression. As the French under Napoleon at Waterloo, so the Confederates under Lee at Gettysburg, held the weaker position, in both cases the assailants sought to expel their opponents from the stronger lines. I might add another resemblance in the results which followed. Waterloo decreed the destiny of France, of England, of Europe. Gettysburg, not so directly or immediately, but practically, decided the fate of the Confederacy.—General John B. Gordon in Scribner's.

Ladies Who Wore Knives.

In early English days knives were worn by Englishwomen in imitation of the anelace, a dagger carried at the girdle. Chaucer speaks of them in the prologue to his "Canterbury Tales:"

Her knives were y-chaped not with brass,
But all with silver wrought, full clean and well.

In Ross church, Herefordshire, is a monument to a lady of the Rudhall family, temp. Henry VIII., who wears a purse and a knife. Brand tells us that knives were formerly part of the accouterments of a bride. In a play, temp. "Edward III.," occurs the passage:

Here by my side do hang my wedding knives.

In the "Archæologia" Mr. Douce, the antiquary, wrote a paper on this practice of wearing knives by European ladies in the sixteenth century, and an engraving shows a specimen of a case of these wedding knives, dated 1610, which are described as having amber handles and cases of purple velvet embroidered with gold.

Some Pygmy Animals.

A species of dwarf elephant used to live on the island of Malta and in various parts of Italy. Judging from the bones which remain, these animals, about the size of a large sheep, were somewhat numerous. A dwarf elephant is a rarity now and no longer forms a distinct species, but is considered rather a freak.

A very beautiful species of pygmy deer is found on the Sunda islands. These little creatures are not much larger than a cat, but have all the points of a "well bred" deer.

Among horses Shetland ponies are the pygmies. The ordinary musk of central Africa is a pygmy, or dwarf, of only about twenty inches in height at the shoulder and three feet in length.

Making Sure of Him.

"I think," said the thoughtful mother, "that you ought to object to young Brown paying so much attention to our daughter."

"Why?" demanded the thoughtless father. "He impresses me very favorably."

"That's just it," returned the thoughtful mother. "We must do something to make his ambitious mother think we regard ourselves a little above them socially if we are to make sure of him."

A Hint to Go.

"I have something to tell you before I go," she finally said.

"Is it a long story?" she hastily asked.

"No; it is a very short one."

"Then I think you will just have time," she sweetly said.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her References.

"I don't like these references," said the housewife.

"Well, mum," returned the applicant for a position, "I didn't write 'em, so it ain't my fault. If you don't like 'em just you go to the people of gave 'em to me an' tell 'em so."—Chicago Post.

A Definition.

"Pa, what is a fray?"

"Why, my son, that is what a person who has never been in a fight calls it."—Puck.

A person who cannot argue is like a person who cannot chew. He swallows the facts of life unprepared for digestion.—Philadelphia Press.

A man is at his best when he is attending to his own business.—Dallas News.

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J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 6, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mrs. A. J. Wurshofsky entertained a few friends Saturday afternoon.

—The Sunday schools of Mt. Jewett will hold a union picnic at Nunundah Island Park on Thursday next.

—Eastern college boys who went out to harvest the crops in Kansas found the temperature so many degrees higher than the wages that they gave up the job, says an exchange.

—George Shepard of Smethport accompanied by his daughter, Lena, is passing a portion of the week here, guests of relatives and former neighbors. Miss Shepard was the guest of friends at Roulette Wednesday. Mr. Shepard was a welcome visitor at this office yesterday.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—There is truth in the bitter remark of an exchange that a curfew bell that would call home at any time of the day or night those persons who go from house to house, from neighbor to neighbor, carrying the idle tales of gossip, besmirching the characters of decent people and injuring their credit, would be a good thing.

—The annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the M. E. chapel Wednesday, August 12, at 3 o'clock. Each superintendent is expected to give her report of work done during the year and officers for the coming year will be elected. A full attendance of the membership is desired and all are invited to come and join.

—An oil company composed of E. R. Sherman, A. V. Field, J. Q. Field and Matthew Thessan, all Bradford men, has drilled in a well on the E. B. Edwards farm, in the Rixville field. The well is good for 50 barrels a day. The company holds other leases in the vicinity and will start new work at once.—Bradford Era.

—A woman residing at Farmers Valley, McKean county, sends the following notice to the Coudersport Enterprise for publication: "A middle-aged widow wishes to correspond with a middle-aged man. Woodsman preferred." Any woodsman who desires a correspondent will be given the name of the writer of the above by calling at the Enterprise.

—"Calamity Jane," the famous woman scout and mail carrier when the West was really wild and woolly, died on Saturday, near Deadwood, S. D. She served as an aide to Gen. Custer and Gen. Miles, and was so expert a shot that few men ever dared to molest her. "Calamity Jane" figured in the Pan-American exposition in Buffalo.—Bradford Era.

—One of the best things said lately was by a Missouri editor. In addressing his Sunday School class he said: "Fame has taken men from the forge, the plow, and the carpenter's bench, but she was never known to reach over a picket fence and snatch a dude out of a hammock."

—Ray Dazell of Austin was drowned at that place Sunday afternoon. In company with Charles Daniels and Clarence Kyma, the unfortunate man was bathing near the pulp mill, and evidently had a fit of some kind. He called to his companions for help but they were unable to save him. Dazell was a single man about twenty-five years of age. The body was in the water for some hours.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—A lot of young fellows in an Ohio town had a good time with a tramp recently. They took him to a shed, gave him a good bath, shaved him and cut his hair. They then bought a new suit of clothes, white shirt and stand-up collar and dressed him up complete but when they attempted to burn his old clothes he objected and fought with such desperation their suspicions were aroused and upon searching they found $1,300 sewed up in the coat.

Nickel Plate New Station.

Nickel Plate trains are now running into their elegant new passenger station in the heart of Chicago, convenient to theatres, principal hotels, etc., and located on elevated loop of all city and suburban electric lines. Nickel Plate passenger trains are finest run, carrying new high back seat coaches, latest Pullmans and dining cars, serving club meals 35c to $1.00, also meals a la carte. Also afford a tri-weekly transcontinental tourist sleeping car service to Pacific coast points. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

G. A. R. San Francisco.

The Nickel Plate road will sell special excursion tickets July 31st to morning trains Aug. 14th at rate $60.50 Buffalo, N. Y., to San Francisco or Los Angeles, Calif., good returning to Oct. 15th. Tickets are first class and provide for stopovers and reverse routes west of Missouri river. Splendid opportunity to visit beautiful California at lowest possible cost. Most complete train equipment, including transcontinental tourist sleeping cars. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

She Knew It.

"The longer I live," sighed the sage, "and the more I learn the more firmly am I convinced that I know absolutely nothing!"

"I could have told you that twenty-five years ago," said his wife, "but I knew it would be of no use."—London Answers.

Unappreciative Wretch.

"What did your wife say when you came home so late?"

"I really don't know. I can just remember that I woke up three times, and she was still talking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY.

A party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tanner last Monday evening, the guest of honor being Mrs. Elder of Stoneborough. At a late hour Mrs. Marie Lyons served ice cream. Much credit is due the chairman of the party, Mrs. J. McGill, for the manner in which she entertained her friends.

Mrs. Barlow and granddaughter, Ida Barnes, who have been visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Brockham, left last week Wednesday for their homes in Wisconsin.

Burt Smith of Row City, who has recently returned from Indiana, was calling on East Valley friends last Saturday evening.

Miss Lucy Turner returned to her home at Bullis Mills last Monday after spending several weeks in town.

Carl Higgins returned to his home in Olean after spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Derby.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Dickerson of Port Allegany are visiting at the home of Wm. Dickerson.

Master Claude Varner of Olean is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. A. Reed.

Several of our people will attend the dance at Turtle Point Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McGill were in Clermont last Friday and Saturday.

Thomas Jackway of Bradford is visiting at the home of D. W. Derby.

Edward Tanner of Roulette was seen on our streets Sunday.

William Morrison of Eldred is working in Pierce Brook.

Miss Fisher of Shinglehouse is visiting friends in town.

Weight of a Growing Child.

The weight of a growing child is the most important index to its general health. The standard of weight for growing children, that usually given by authorities in the matter, is that at five years of age a child should weigh about as many pounds as it is inches high. As a rule, this will not be much over or under forty pounds. Children who come of large parents should weigh something more than that. The rate of increase should be about two pounds for every inch of growth, with a tendency for the weight to exceed this standard proportionately rather than to fall below it. When a child is rather heavier in proportion to its height than this standard it is a sign of good health. If the child is growing rapidly it should not be allowed to fall much below it without being made to rest more than has been the custom before. A deficiency of weight in proportion to height is always an unfavorable sign. Any interruption in the progress of increase of weight, especially during the continuance of growth, must be a danger signal that should not be neglected by those interested in the patient.

Why He Only Ate the Yolks.

An American woman traveling in England stopped one day at a little country house. Chatting with the visitor, the woman of the house told of her difficulty in getting along and of an experience she had had with a boarder.

"The first morning this man stopped here," she said, "he began to eat boiled eggs very greedily. Egg after egg he ate—three, four, five, six—and it was only the yolk of them that he swallowed; the white he didn't bother with at all.

"When he dug his spoon into the seventh egg my temper got the better of me, and I said in a severe tone:

"'Don't you ever eat the white of the egg, sir?'

"'Surely not, my woman,' he answered. 'The yolk is the bird; the white is the feathers. Would you have me make a bolster of myself?'"

Where It Always Rains.

There is a group of islands to the south of New Zealand called the Sisters, or Seven Sisters, which are reputed to be subjected to a practically constant rainfall. The same may be said of the islands and mainland of Tierra del Fuego, save for the difference that the rain often takes the form of sleet and snow. On a line running round the world from 4 degrees to 8 or 9 degrees there are patches over which rain seldom ceases to fall. This is called the "zone of constant precipitation," but at the same time there are several localities along with it with very little rainfall.

Lightning Freaks.

"The most beautiful display of lightning or atmospheric electric currents which it was my good fortune to witness," says a resident of Quebec, "was out on the Beauport flats, near Quebec, when two electrically laden clouds, as though two trees, their heads toward each other and their longer branches interwoven, kept on for more than ten minutes interchanging horizontal flashes of beautifully colored fire, not one of which ever reached the earth, while occasionally a flash would shoot upward as if toward some cloud in that direction."

He Knew a Way.

Anxious Father—But, my boy, unless you study you will know nothing. You will make no money with which to buy things.

Young Hopeful—That's nothing. I'll have everything charged, and I'll keep on that way till I get married.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE CEREAL FOOD CO., LA ROY, N. Y.

Where Blood Tells.

It was in one of the farming districts of New England. The young folks had banded themselves together for monthly jollifications during the winter and were about to celebrate the last dance of the season as well as a couple of engagements which had resulted from the assemblies. Ben Hawkins, the local Paganini, and his Stradivarius had been engaged to lead them through the mazes of the country dance, and all were looking forward to the "time of their life."

But death inconsiderately claimed Mrs. Hawkins for his own on the afternoon of the eventful party. The young people gathered as arranged, but bemoaned the absence of Old Ben, and games were being substituted for the dancing when, lo, Hawkins and his fiddle appeared on the scene.

Great astonishment and many questions greeted the old man, but he calmly slipped his fiddle out of its green bag and as he meditatively rubbed the rosin on the bow said:

"Waal, yes; Maria's gone; died this afternoon. But I reckon 'tain't no sin for me to play for you tonight, seein' she wa'n't no blood relation."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Yet He Loved the Sea.

It is said that Bryan Waller Procter, known as Barry Cornwall, who wrote the well known poem—

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be!—

was the very worst of sailors. When we read that he was so seasick that he could scarcely bear the sound of a human voice it becomes apparent that his wife's conduct during his affliction could scarcely have been reassuring.

As he lay on the deck of a channel boat, covered with shawls and a tarpaulin, she had the pleasing habit of humming a strain of his jovial sea song. The poet who loved the sea, but loved it best at a distance, had very little life just then, but what force he had was used in the entreaty:

"Don't, my dear! Oh, don't!"

Yet no doubt he loved the sea.

A Rude Awakening.

The Centerview (Mo.) Record tells of a young man who had been writing a girl in Minneapolis for three years, intending some day to ask her to marry him. The other day he received a letter and a picture from her. The letter announced that she had been married two years, and the picture was of her baby. "My husband and I have enjoyed your letters very much," she wrote, "but I guess you'd better stop writing now, as I have to spend all my time caring for the baby." The Record says the words the young man used after reading the letter would shock a field of oats.

Snakes.

Mr. Bolker in McClure's rubs us of some misconceptions as to snakes. When a snake is decapitated it is dead. The tail will remain sensitive for some hours without reference to sundown. The rattlesnake does not suicide by biting itself. No snake is susceptible to the poison of its own kind. That the black snake will swallow its young in time of danger is true, and they are then digested, making the mother a cannibal of the worst sort.

Hopes.

Tess—It was Dr. Killum who attended the late Mr. Oldgold, wasn't it?

Jess—Yes. He was called in only a few days before the old gentleman died. Why do you ask?

Tess—Old Mr. Roxley was taken slightly ill yesterday and his young wife sent for Dr. Killum at once.—Philadelphia Press.

Did the Best She Could.

Mrs. Uppmann—I must tell you, Della, that I was displeased at your entertaining that policeman in the kitchen last night.

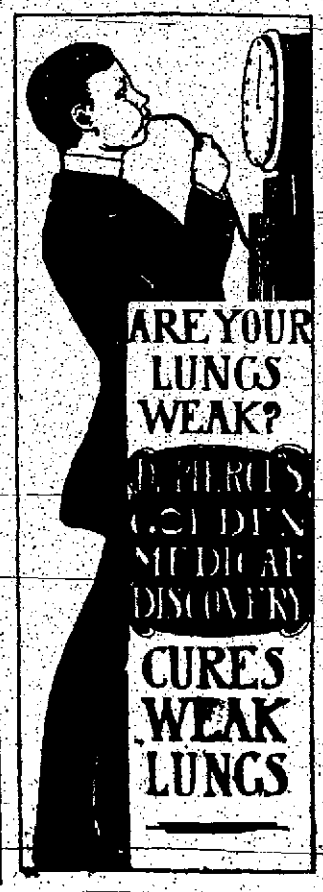
Della—Faith, O! did ax him into the parlor, ma'am, but he wouldn't go.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Framing an Excuse.

Little Boy—Please, Mrs. Grumpy, mother wants to know if you will lend her your washtub.

Mrs. Grumpy (gruffly)—No, I can't. The hoops are off, the bottom's out and it's full of water.—Glasgow Times.

When a fool has made up his mind the market has gone by.—Spanish Proverb.



J. COLEGROVE.

New Cheese, New Potatoes, New Comb Honey,
Fresh Eggs,
Maple Sugar & Syrup,
Quaker Oats, Mothers Oats,
Banner Oats, Force,
Malta Valta.

"IT"

Olive, Olive Oils, Solid Dressings, Mustards, Sardines

Flour has advanced about one dollar bbl. Our price is way down according to price of flour at mill.

Try me for prompt delivery of your next order for groceries.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right

We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Propr.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 6, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

Most of the prominent Democrats of this county are in favor of endorsing Hon. J. W. Bouton for the judgeship in this county and, therefore, the possibility of his having opposition this fall is very slim.

August is here and still there is no call or rumors of a call for a Democratic convention. Can it be possible that the unterrified of this county are not going to put a ticket in the field this fall? It commences to look that way.

William J. Bryan has recently admitted that he voted for Weaver, the Populist candidate for President in 1892. As he was himself a candidate in 1896 and 1900, the question arises, did he ever vote for a Democrat for President? —Indianapolis Journal.

We see they are now trying to make a Democratic Presidential possibility out of ex-Controller Eckels. As one Democrat is as good as another, if not better, Eckels will do as well as any one, and he is big enough for what is wanted.—Philadelphia Press.

Dispatches from Pittsburg say that Senator Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland has been decided on by the leaders of Democracy to be their standard bearer in the national campaign next year. Mr. Gorman is probably the strongest man the Democrats could nominate for President, but he has no chance of being elected because the country is satisfied with Roosevelt and Republicanism.

The lower branch of the Georgia Legislature has passed a vagrancy measure which will reach shiftless and lazy parents who live on the earnings of their children. This is one of the worst features of the child-labor situation in the South and it is hoped the bill will become a law. If parents can be punished for vagrancy of this kind, the condition of child workers will be considerably improved.—Buffalo Express.

Congressman Baker, Democrat, has refused a pass over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad between New York and Washington, and the New York World makes as much of a shout about it as though he had refused to accept the nomination for President. Not very long ago we refused a railroad pass and did not think we were making a martyr of ourselves at that. But on the other hand we are not a Democratic member of Congress looking for re-election.

In addition to the usual oath of allegiance the new oath which foreigners desiring to become naturalized citizens of the United States will be compelled to take hereafter contains this clause: "That I do not advocate or teach the duty, necessity or propriety of the unlawful assaulting or killing of any officer or officers, either of specific individuals or of officers generally, of the government of the United States or of any other organized government, because of his or their official character."

A dispatch from Harrisburg, dated Aug. 4, says: A meeting of the committee on libel law of the Pennsylvania State Editorial Association was held this afternoon to consider the preparation of a new libel law to take the place of the Grady-Sayle law. The committee decided to ask all press organizations in the State to appoint committees to meet with them at such time as will be convenient and form a libel law fair to the press and the public. Those present at to-day's gathering were: Deitrich-Lamade of Williamsport, B. F. Myers of Harrisburg and James McKee of Tioga.

The resignation of Mr. Schwab as president of the United States Steel Corporation was tendered and accepted at a meeting on Tuesday. William E. Corey was unanimously elected his successor. Mr. Schwab's resignation caused no surprise in financial circles, where it had for some time been foreshadowed. The new president was for years one of Andrew Carnegie's ablest lieutenants and is now president of the Carnegie Steel Company, one of the subsidiary concerns of the United States Steel Corporation. It is scarcely more than a month ago that Mr. Corey was made assistant to the president (Mr. Schwab), because of the latter's continued ill health.

The queerest result of the press muzzling law developed so far is that the Governor is continually and roundly abused for the law, while the intelligent legislators who passed the law are seemingly forgotten. Yet it may be that the people are lying in wait for those fellows who are responsible for the law. The question of electing successors to those legislators who promulgated and passed the law, won't come on till the next year when I expect that the knife up the sleeve of about every Pennsylvania voter will be drawn for mortal combat. It will be a righteous retribution if nary a one of them ever sees the inside of the capitol again.—Port Allegany Reporter.

In an interview in Chicago Senator Tillman of South Carolina said: "I notice that Illinois and Indiana and other Southern States have recently adopted the Southern way of settling the race question. That seems to be the only practical way until the amendment to the Constitution granting the negroes suffrage has been repealed. We have shot 'em and hanged 'em and burned 'em in South Carolina until they almost know their proper places now, although the desire to vote, whether or not they know what they are voting for or against, frequently causes trouble." This may be in keeping with some of the rashest Southern sentiment but it does not sound well to the more conservative, coming as it does from one of our national lawmakers.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, Aug. 3, 1903.

Deeply as they regret the discovery that corruption exists in the executive departments in Washington, Republicans here, and probably throughout the country, are rejoiced that President Roosevelt has had the courage to probe to the bottom one government department and now contemplates the thorough investigation of another. There is in some quarters an impression that the control of the reins of government by one of the great parties, beyond a limited time, inevitably results in dishonest administration and the time is not remote when the Democrats gained a national victory with the slogan, "Turn the rascals out." That they might have done so again had there been any lack of earnestness on the part of the President in investigating the Postoffice Department is admitted by the wiser Republican politicians, but it is appreciated now even by the Democrats, that Mr. Roosevelt has effectually spiked any Democratic guns which may have been loaded with charges of corruption by inaugurating a thorough investigation of the Postoffice Department and by preparing for a top to bottom inspection of the government printing office.

It is not with the expectation of finding dishonest methods that President Roosevelt determined to institute an investigation of the methods in vogue in the printing office, but with a view to ascertaining why it was that the cost of printing and binding performed by the public printer should so greatly exceed the cost of the same work performed by private institutions. Since, however, an investigation has been determined upon, there have been a number of charges that there are serious leaks in the administrative methods. A rule of the bookbinders' union, which limited the daily task of all its members, first called the attention of the President to the extravagant conduct of the government printing establishment and it is probable that to that rule be charged much of the increased cost of the federal printing and binding but, much to the surprise of many, the officers of the bookbinders' union announce that they will welcome an investigation as it will reveal the real leak and relieve their union from an odium of an unjust suspicion. While there will doubtless be many unfounded rumors of corruption in the printing office from now on, no one who has witnessed the thorough methods and the courageous spirit which have characterized the investigation of the postoffice department will for a moment believe that the President will be satisfied with any "superficial investigation" and the general public will rest assured that when Secretary Cortelyou, who by his high probity and business-like methods has already won the respect of the public and to whom the conduct of the investigation will be confided, has completed his examination of the government printing office, he will have left unturned no stone nor permitted to escape his attention any improper transaction. In the words of a prominent Democratic member of Congress, now in Washington, "President Roosevelt is stealing our thunder. He is turning his own rascals out."

What is regarded as the most important and wide-sweeping disclosure in connection with the postoffice investigation has just occurred. The grand jury of the District of Columbia has just returned indictments against eight persons, chief of whom is August W. Machen, the other seven being Machen's confederates in various schemes to defraud the government and as a result of which it is estimated that Machen and his pals have divided profits amounting to upwards of $75,000, the cases just disclosed being entirely aside from the previous indictments of Machen which have been related in these letters. In addition to those heretofore indicted and now indicted again, the grand jury has returned true bills against William C. Long of Xenia, Ohio, but more recently of Washington, Maurice Runkle of New York, John T. Cupper, mayor of Lock Haven, Pa., William Gordon Crawford, manager of the Postal Lock & Device Company of New York and one time deputy auditor for the postoffice department.

There are four contracts awarded by Machen in his capacity of general superintendent of free delivery on which the new indictments are based. In two cases Machen awarded contracts for carriers' bags, or satchels, to be provided with shoulder straps. He then awarded other contracts for straps. Having bought and paid for the straps with government funds he delivered them to the manufacturers of the satchels whom he induced to pay him, the amount thus saved to them. He moreover made the contractor who furnished the straps pay him a commission. In the third instance Machen purchased, without calling for bids, certain leather cases used by carriers. For these he paid 90 cents each, a fair price being 30 cents, and compelled the manufacturers to divide between himself and his confederates the remaining 60 cents. In the fourth instance Machen awarded to Mayor Cupper a contract for painting letter boxes which the manufacturers were required by contract to paint, and under this contract divided with his pals the sum of $15,000. So closely identified with Machen and his "forty thieves" was H. H. Rand, confidential clerk to the postmaster general that it is understood the President requested Postmaster General Payne to dispense with Rand's services when Mr. Payne called recently at Oyster Bay.

The President and Secretary Root have received another appeal from the Manila chamber of commerce for free trade between the Philippines and the United States. So insistent are the Filipinos becoming in their demands for free trade and so logical is their argument, based on the example of Porto Rico which has prospered so extensively since free trade was granted the island, that it is deemed likely that the effort to suspend the tariff on Philippine imports will be renewed during the coming session of Congress. Senators Lodge and Foraker are both enthusiastic in favor of such a move and, in fact, it was only the opposition of the Democratic Senators from Colorado which prevented a far greater reduction of the tariff on Philippine goods at the last session.

Subscribe for the Miner.

WANTED:

Hardwood Timber Lands.

Apply to

W. A. PRESBY,
Purchasing Agent,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W DICKERSON.

Notice of Application for a Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Monday, the 31st day of August, A. D. 1903, by Burg Chadwick, Thomas F. Richmond and Sheridan Gorton, all of whom are residents of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An act to Provide for the Incorporation and regulation of certain Incorporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Pasadena Medicine Company," the character and object of which is for the manufacture, compounding and sale of drugs and medicines, and of Proprietary, Copyrighted and patent medicines and remedies, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

Gorton & Richmond,
Solicitors.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County.

No. 143, October Term, 1903.

Now, to-wit, August 4, 1903, it is ordered that hereafter until further order applications for naturalization will be heard on the first day of each term of Court, except License Courts, at two o'clock p. m. or as soon thereafter as the business of the Court will permit, and at no other time.

Jos. W. Bouton, P. J.

McKean County, ss.

1903, August 4, from the record.

Samuel E. Bell, Prothonotary.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.

Do you wear the J. K. shoes?



You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS
PLAYING
CARDS.

SOMETHING
NEW IN
STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Watren I. X. L. Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $30 000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
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DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

$10 IF $10

YOU WANT A

10 DOLLAR SUIT

We want to say to you that uncommon Suits for Ten Dollars is our kind.

They are perfect fitting, well tailored suits, such as any man might wear with dignity—suits that are satisfactory the very first time they are put on, and that continue to satisfy till they're worn out.

We've a Ten Dollar line that includes All Wool Serges, Cheviots, Scotches and Cassimeres in plain colors, handsome mixtures and patterns. Try one on if you like—we shall not insist upon your buying.

It is easy to match the price of these suits but not so easy to match the quality at the price.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Go to the store of

D. C. YOUNG

for

Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

Same will be closed out at cost, without discount, to make room for fall goods.

All other merchandise will be discounted as heretofore advertised. These discounts are much better than trading stamps and my increased sales during the last few weeks show that customers appreciate the same.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., July 27, 1903.

Special Reduction Sale.

From now until July 4 I will sell, to reduce my stock, all suits at the following reduced prices:

$22 SUITS for $20.
$25 " " $22.
$28 " " $25.

Higher priced suits in proportion.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailors

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

ORDER NOW.

You may order that suit by mail if you cant come personally. Out of town folks are handicapped somewhat. Can't come right away when we advertise cut prices, and so we continue our semi-annual clearance sale all July.

All Summer Clothing Reduced.

Men's Suits, Trousers, Boys' Suits, Shirts, Underwear, etc., to prices about ¼ less.

No profit left. We know that.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY
Queen Quality Shoes.

We give
Red Trading Stamps
also cash tickets which are redeemable in chinaware. Ask for them.

Wash Goods, Shirt Waists, and Dressing Sacques.

Remnant Sale of Wash Goods.

Ever since cotton dress goods began to sell last February, short ends and odd lengths have been accumulating until now we have enough to start the usual remnant sale. Remnant prices on everything, which means a great cut.

Silk Mattross,	Regular price,	45c, now	31c.
Flemish Lace Stripe,	" "	25c, "	18c.
Mercerized Lace Stripe,	" "	35c, "	21c.
Embroid. Swiss Lawn,	" "	25c, "	17½c.
Dotted Swiss Muslin,	" "	18c, "	10c.
Silk Chambray,	" "	25c, "	19c.
Corded Chambray,	" "	18c, "	10c.

Women's Shirt Waists.

We are conducting at the present time a great sale of Women's Shirt Waists. It represents purchases from makers who closed us out lots at big reductions.

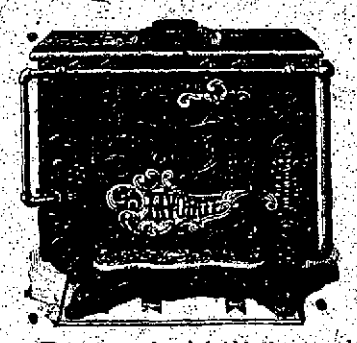
Pretty waists made of fine lawn trimmed with val. lace, full Bishop sleeve and high stock collars. $1.50 Values 98c.

Fine white Persian lawn waists broad stitched plaits and bands of insertion in front, Bishop sleeves and high stock collar. Worth $1.25 79c.

Dressing Sacques at Cut Prices.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

An Unassailable Position.



Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only through Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of; the best that anybody can make. As a result the Favorite Gas Ranges sell better, and make more friends and customers than any other gas range on the market. Come in and see them.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 6, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mrs. Gaylard Patterson will be "at home" Thursdays, afternoon and evening.

—Ralph E. Burdick gave a vase shower for Guy H. McCoy Saturday afternoon.

—A few of the male friends of Harry Pancoast surprised him Tuesday night. An enjoyable time was the result.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Hafner have announced the engagement of their daughter, Edna Lorena, to Mr. Ghordis Burdette Corwin.

—The baseball game to have been played between Smethport and Port Allegany at the latter place on Tuesday was postponed on account of rain.

—Some interesting early history of McKean county from the pen of Mrs. Thomas A. Morrison of this place is being published in the Bradford Star at present.

—Monday evening while practicing base ball, a high ball connected with the left eye ball of Justice R. C. Gleason and his optic is now beautifully robed in crimson and purple.

—Mrs. A. L. Colegrove gave a birthday party for her daughter, Miss Harriet, last Saturday afternoon. About twenty-five little boys and girls were present and all had a most delightful time.

—The Smethport High School orchestra went to Mt. Jewett last evening where they furnished music for a social dancing party. It is reported that this organization gave good satisfaction in the mountain town.

—The Rev. Gaylard Patterson's subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church is "Supposed Judgments of God." His subject for Sunday evening at the Baptist church is "Sick Pearls and Their Restoration."

—Several Smethport people went to Eldred yesterday to see a ball game between Port Allegany and that place, but the game had been declared off and therefore our people were disappointed. Neighboring towns should be notified in such cases.

—Much interest attaches to to-morrow's ball game at Kane field. As will be seen by referring to the percentage table, Smethport and Coudersport are tied for second place. The team proving victorious to-morrow will roost side by side with Austin on the top perch, while the loser will drop to the bottom of the first division. Let everybody turn out and lend encouragement to the home team.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The subject of the lesson will be "Deborah and Barak" (Judges 4, 1-24.) There will be a selection of anthems at the evening service.

—A party of young people gave a very pleasant dancing party at the hose house last Thursday evening. Miss Lucy Wright presided at the piano and light refreshments were served. Miss Dewly Davis of Bradford was the guest of honor.

—Gus Matterson, who was held for court on the charge of rape before Justice Knapp, tried to get released on a writ of habeas corpus. He had a hearing before Judge Ormerod last Thursday afternoon and was remanded to jail without bail.

—Coudersport vs. Smethport at Kane field to-morrow (Friday) afternoon. Game calls promptly at 3 p. m. Come and see how Coudersport fulfills the promise made by one of its players to the effect that they would shut our boys out when they played a league game.

—Again we wish to call the attention of our readers to the fact that we cannot publish any sort of communications unless we know the name of the writer. We received such a communication this week which our rule forces us to omit. Writers should bear this fact in mind.

—A new law provides that anyone not a resident of Pennsylvania cannot hunt in the State without first having paid $10 for license, one-half of which goes to the State. A foreign born resident who has never been naturalized must also get out a license if he wishes to go hunting.

—A party of about six boys from town are camping on the flats near Coryville. On Monday Rex Stark caught a German carp that weighed twenty pounds. He had a hard fight to land this monster fish and had not his companions assisted him he probably would have been pulled into the water.

—Jeff Sweet of East Olean, aged 26 years, was killed at Cuba, N. Y., on Friday. He was a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad and at Cuba some switching was being done by the crew. He was walking on a side track when he was run down and cut into pieces by the wheels. Sweet was a single man.

—Miss Mattie Klappenbach and Mr. John Odell were married last Wednesday at the home of the bride's father, in Port Allegany. Mr. and Mrs. Odell will make their residence in Bradford, where the former is employed at the St. James Hotel. The newly wedded couple are on a bridal trip and will return August 10.—Bradford Era.

—Tuesday evening Guy H. McCoy gave his farewell to bachelorhood dinner at the Hotel Imperial. Covers were laid for about twenty guests and a most delicious repast was served. The host was the recipient of several appropriate gifts as tokens of the esteem in which Mr. McCoy is held by his brother Frogs, among which was a handsome silver mounted silk umbrella. Many short addresses were made which ranged from the sublime to the ridiculus. All passed a pleasant evening and the only thing to be regretted was that Supreme Congenial I. Smythe Reynolds of the Order of Frogs of the Universe was unable to be present owing to illness.

—An exchange says: An editor works 365¼ days per year to get out 52 issues of his paper—that's labor. Once in a while somebody pays him a year's subscription—that's capital; and once in a while some sneak takes the paper a year or two without paying for it—that's anarchy. But there is a place prepared where the last named creature will get his just deserts—that's hell.

—Burglars entered the Racket Store of A. E. Stickles at East Smethport last Saturday night and secured a large amount of plunder. Entrance was gained through a rear window some time between 9 o'clock in the evening and midnight. The articles taken consisted of jewelry, china and fancy ware, perfumes and cutlery and all the items will amount to over $100. So far no clue has been found which will lead to the arrest of the guilty parties or the recovery of the goods.

Death of W. S. Haines.

A New Castle paper of last Saturday has the following to say of a formerly well-known and popular man of Smethport:

William S. Haines, one of New Castle's most widely known and highly respected citizens, died at the home of his father, Hosea Haines, at No. 20 South Front street, shortly after 4 o'clock this morning. The deceased was 36 years of age.

Mr. Haines' home is in Shinglehouse, McKean county, where he was employed as a glassworker. He was a member of the consistory of McKean Lodge, No. 223, of the Masonic order and also belonged to the Blue Lodge at Smethport, Pa. He was also a member of the B. P. O. E. at Olean, New York.

Some time ago he became ill and shortly afterwards came on a visit to the home of his parents in this city. During the past few days he became gradually worse until death came. Heart failure was the cause of his sad demise.

The deceased is survived by a wife and his parents, the former living at his home in Shinglehouse, Pa., and the latter being residents of this city.

The funeral will take place at 2 p. m. Monday from the late residence of the deceased on Front street.

Pennypacker Under a Cloud.

It is claimed that Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania was given in his younger days to flirting with the muse. Someone who keeps a scrap book has exposed the following samples of the Governor's poetry:

— Though steep the climb
Though road be lost
The wine is good
In Kuehler's Roost.

Some people think when wanting drink
The crystal stream is fine.
But I care not for such as that,
Give me the sparkling wine.

The sparkling glass for me when there
Is one who gazes in my eyes
With slender waist and face that is fair.

O wine that opest Paradise.

Is it any wonder that a man with such things on his conscience wishes to have the press muzzled?—Chicago Record-Herald.

John W. Voorhees Successful

After a great deal of effort and correspondence, John W. Voorhees, the popular druggist, has succeeded in getting the Dr. Howard Co. to make a special half-price introductory offer on the regular fifty cent size of their celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia.

Dr. Howard's specific has been so remarkably successful in curing constipation, dyspepsia and all liver troubles, that John W. Voorhees is willing to return the price paid in every case where it does not give relief.

Call upon him at once or send 25 cents and get sixty doses of the best medicine ever made, on this special half-price offer, with his personal guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure.

Homeseekers' Excursions,

tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month now until November via Nickel Plate road to principal farming sections in the west and southwest at greatly reduced rates, good return limits. Tri-weekly transcontinental tourist sleeping car service, dining cars also serve club meals at 35c to $1, and meals "a la carte." See local agents or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Carriages For Sale.

2 Nice Rubber Tire Runabouts.
1 Canopy Top Surrey.
1 Solid Panel Back Road Wagon.
1 Spindle Body Top Buggy.
Several second-hand Top and Spindle Seat Buggies.
Prices right.

A. T PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., July 23, 1903.-3t

Vacation Rates.

Nickel Plate Road now selling daily special excursion tickets to Salt Lake City, Denver, Hot Springs, S. D., El Paso, St. Paul, etc., including the principal tourist resorts in the West, at exceeding low rates, good returning to Oct. 31st. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, G. A., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. O. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

WANTED—At the Pennsylvania railroad depot, wild blackberries.
E. W. WORKLEY.

$3.00 for Walkover Low Shoes that were $3.50 and $4.00, at Monheimer's.

A complete assortment of window screens and doors at Redfield's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

David Barr spent Sunday with friends in Kane.

John E. Mullin of Kane had business in town on Tuesday.

F. L. Holmes had business in Port Allegany on Tuesday.

S. J. Porter is visiting in DuBois and Reynoldsville this week.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander visited Buffalo and Niagara Falls this week.

Corte Corwin and Murl Backus visited in Port Allegany on Tuesday.

Miss Lillian Gormley of Bradford is the guest of Miss Lucy Mitchell.

Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin is visiting in Crawford, White Mountains, N. H.

G. W. King is visiting friends at Cape May and other points in New Jersey.

Mrs. A. Malcolm and children are visiting friends and relatives in Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Payson Bard of Port Allegany were visitors in town Friday.

Mrs. J. H. Sowers of Olean was a visitor in town the forepart of the week.

Attorney H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster Studholme of Port Allegany are the guests of relatives in town.

Miss Mary Tassel of Latrobe, Pa., was a guest at Mrs. A. E. Hinman's one day last week.

Miss Mae Kelly of Austin has been the guest of friends in town during the past week.

Misses Mabel Llewelyn and Adaline Learn of Eldred were Smethport visitors on Sunday.

Harry Brown of Mt. Jewett was the guest of Smethport friends the latter part of last week.

Miss Marion Dunn left Tuesday for a week's visit with friends in Lock Haven and Williamsport.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. McKean have returned from an extended visit to friends in Canada.

Mrs. S. R. Lindsley returned Friday from a two weeks' visit with Chicago relatives and friends.

Miss Webber of Toronto and Mrs. Hunt of Slippery Rock, Pa., are guests at the M. E. parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Westcott of Hazelhurst were Smethport visitors on Friday.

R. P. Yerdon and E. L. Ryan of Kane attended the pre-nuptial banquet given by Guy H. McCoy Tuesday evening.

Mrs. L. G. Maynard and children of Bowling Green, Ohio, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lemunier of Church street.

Miss Alice Cubbison, who has been the guest of Miss Mabel Camp for some time, returned to her home in New Castle last Thursday.

Messrs. H. E. Shaffer, R. P. Yerdon and E. L. Ryan came over from Kane last Friday and were interested spectators at the ball game.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hibbard, daughter, Miss Minnie, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brown of Hazelhurst were guests of E. R. Mayo and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCoy, Miss Helen McCoy and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield attended the McCoy-Dunbar wedding at Olil, N. Y., yesterday.

William Weidell of Buffalo is visiting relatives in Clermont and in company with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Steinhauer, were visitors in town Wednesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. U. H. Foote and Miss Minnie Evans attended the Hodges family reunion at Riverside Park yesterday afternoon.

Buffalo News: Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin of Smethport, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Merrill of Geneva, who were at the Castle Inn last week, have gone on to Crawfords in the White Mountains, N. H., where they have joined Mrs. Frederick Lyon Charles and Mrs. Robert Rose, who is Mrs. Merrill's sister. The party are enjoying the beauties of the mountain climbing and views that surround Crawfords, and will in the course of the next fortnight cross over to Bar Harbor.

Announcement.

A. Zinberg has engaged the basement of the Reilly block and is prepared to do upholstering and repairing. He will be in town for a short time only.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Inquire at residence of John N. Apple, West King street.

The Yellow Trading Stamps with EVERY purchase, at Wm. Monheimer's.

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Fuller.

If Wm. Monheimer makes reductions that are genuine.

THE CLARION
State Normal School,

Furnishes Professional Training for Teachers. Prepares young people for college and offers excellent facilities for general education.

FREE TUITION for prospective teachers. Board, room, tent and laundry for full term, 16 weeks, $49. Fall term opens Sept. 7, 1903.

For further particulars call on or address

SAMUEL WEIR, Ph. D., Prin.
Clarion, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

BEST VALUES—YELLOW TRADING STAMPS BESIDES.

--REMNANT SALE.--

This week we are making a big clean up of all odds and ends in our entire stock. After a busy spring and summer season there is bound to be a great accumulation of odd lots and short ends. These we are getting together now and will wind them up regardless of cost of selling price. This is a good opportunity for you to secure desirable merchandise at a saving of one-fourth to one-half from regular prices.

Odd Lots and Remnants in

Dress Goods, Silks, Linings, Wash Goods, White Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Hosiery, Underwear, Neckwear, Belts, Fancy Goods, Waists, Dressing Sacques, Belts, Parasols, Etc.

FRY & HERZOG.



Dairy Supplies.

The Lawrence Star Cooler Separator.

As many people object, and with good reason, to put water in the milk, and wishing to supply these people with a perfect working labor saving separator we have secured what is called the Star Cooler. This consists of two cans, a can for milk being placed inside a larger one for water.

Submerged Cream Cans, Strainer Pails.

Milk Cans,

Shipping and carrying cans with reinforced bottoms, perfection top and drop handles.

Milk Pans.

All sizes and kinds. Pressed, Seamed, Anti-Rust or Enamel.

Churns.

Barrel, cylinder and dash in wood or stone, in all sizes.

Butter Bowls and Ladles.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Diamonds
and
Watches

are a good investment if bought right. I guarantee every piece that leaves the store will refund the money on demand if you can beat our prices, or are not satisfied with the purchase. My prices are the lowest. I live and let live.

At the present time I am showing an cleline of Cut Glass and Sterling Silver for wedding presents.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., (Opposite) Public Square,
Bradford, Pa.

No Use Waiting for Hard Times to Come.

BUY THAT BUILDING LOT NOW.—

Leave Five or Ten Dollars a month with us and you will have a place ready for a home to be built on in the spring.

Remember

we have building lots in this borough for sale at very reasonable prices and on easy terms.

Plot of these lots showing size; price and location may be seen at the Postoffice, Court House and Bank and other business places. Particulars from officers of the company or inquire at Bank.

SMETHPORT LAND & IMPROVEMENT COMPANY L'T'D.

W. P. WALSH,	D. M. BRASTED,	GUY McCOY,
President.	Treasurer.	Secretary.

A Hold Up

By ROSS FRAME

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The Overland Limited was speeding east across New Mexico toward the Texas boundary line. The fine alkali dust of the high plains sifted through every crevice in the car, smarting and irritating the throats and nerves of passengers. Miss Mary Appleton was one of the few who had not grumbled at the dust, heat, lack of mirages or slowness of the service. Presumably her time was too fully occupied. The Mayne children, her three nephews, demanded her complete attention.

When Major Mayne of the United States army was ordered to the Philippines, his wife elected to go with him. The children were easily disposed of by their little butterfly of a mother. "We'll send them east. I'll telegraph Mary to come out and take them back. It will be a nice trip for her, poor thing!"

So the "poor thing," who was Mrs. Mayne's elder half sister, the Cinderella of the household, age reversed, left her invalid stepmother behind and journeyed to San Francisco for her charges.

"We'll try and make it pleasant for you while you are with us," Mrs. Mayne had cried to her upon her arrival, but the irresponsible little lady had left all packing and house clearing arrangements until the last minute, and it took all of Mary's time and sound sense to evolve order out of confusion. Finally all the boxes were corded, the major and his wife off to the transport, and Miss Appleton, with her three rebellious charges, seated in the train for their long ride to the Atlantic coast.

One section had been provided for her and the three boys, Bobbie, Tom and Grover, lads of twelve, nine and six. They were sturdy, healthy young animals, who regarded the commands of their gentle, mild tempered aunt in the light of a perpetual joke. The Pullman was crowded, and their fellow traveler looked with manifest disfavor upon the noisy, ill behaved boys.

Their section was nearest the drawing room, and Miss Appleton occasionally caught glimpses of the tall, stern looking man with iron gray hair. He seemed to be always busy, either reading or writing, and her tender conscience prompted the hope that he might be too much absorbed in his work to be disturbed by the proximity of her nephews. She had noticed his critical, disapproving glances at her flock in the dining car, and once she detected a smile on his face when she had made ineffectual efforts to curb them.

It was the fourth day of the journey and a particularly hard one. Bob and Tom had joined forces and teased Grover, who was quick tempered, into such a fury of passion that he had sobbed himself asleep on his aunt's knee. She sat in a cramped, uncomfortable position, holding the little tear stained face against her shoulder.

The man in the drawing room looked at her for a moment, then stepped out and said quietly: "Let me take your little boy. He can rest very comfortably on my settee." Suiting the action to the words, he carried the sleeping child to the couch and, set the door ajar.

Miss Appleton's lips trembled, and it was with difficulty that she kept back the tears. It was almost the first kindly words spoken in those hard and disagreeable days. There had been admonitions in regard to the boys being left behind at stations and tanks or breaking their necks from windows and platforms. There had been many complaints in respect to their noise and requests that they be kept strictly to their own seats, but this was the first kindly interest manifested. The weary, nervous woman looked out steadily over the uninviting landscape so that the tears that hung heavy on her lashes might remain undetected.

The occupant of the drawing room missed nothing of what was going on. His heart gave an unaccustomed throb as he remembered the mute gratitude expressed by her dark eyes when he carried off the sleeping boy. It was a strange and by no means unpleasant sensation.

Bob and Tom sat in a virtuous armed truce. Bob's black eyes snapped as he related to Tom in subdued tones the "Adventures of Snake Eyed Sol, the Terror of the Western Plains." "If we could only get off this blamed train, we would be sure to find lots of Indians and gold and wild horses. We'd have a great time. But there's no use in trying. Aunt Mary has the porter on to us." The boy looked decidedly wicked as he thought of his lost opportunities. The man within caught the look and a vision of the aunt's sweet face at the same time. "If I had the management of you, my lad, I would bring you up with a round turn," he thought.

Miss Appleton smothered a sigh and leaned back on the luxurious cushions. Her few days of more intimate acquaintance with Master Bob had made her fully aware of the consequences likely to follow from an interruption of the narrative. The comparative peace and repose were provocative of sleep. She was awakened from a doze by a brisk official voice demanding, "Your papers, please?"

"Do you mean our tickets?"

"No, madam. I have nothing to do with the tickets. I want your quarantine passports. We are near the Texas boundary line."

"But—but we have no papers excepting our tickets. We have no passports."

"Very sorry, madam; very sorry, but you'll have to get off before you come to the Texas boundary."

"Get off—why?" she gasped.

"Orders, madam. The state of Texas orders that no passengers from San Francisco cross the boundary line without a quarantine passport. You're right from there, and you've surely heard of the report that bubonic plague is in Chinatown."

"I heard nothing of it," she rejoined.

"Well, that may be. However, I am here to see that the Texas quarantine laws are obeyed." The conductor came up and joined in the conversation. "It's a great pity that you didn't look after this when you bought your tickets. The railway officials in San Francisco would have issued your certificate. It's a wonder that they didn't speak to you about it."

Mrs. Mayne had bought the tickets, and Mary remembered with a sinking heart that her sister had carelessly tossed aside a package of papers when she took the tickets from the envelope.

The conductor went on. "This bubonic plague scare is a confounded nuisance to the traveling public. There is one way out of it; you can make oath that you have not been in Chinatown or the precincts within fifteen days."

"We can easily do that."

It is the unexpected that happens, and Bob's opportunity had come. "I was in Chinatown last week with Mike," he said loudly.

Miss Appleton looked at him in amazement. Mike was the major's old and trusted servant, the last person to take the boy into a place of danger. The story was incredible.

Bob looked unblushingly at his aunt. To Bob at that moment there were things better than truth. The officer looked down sternly at the little shrinking woman. "You'll have to be ready to get off at the next siding. You'll find a box car there. The local freight will pick you up later and take you to Deming. There you will find out what it is best to do."

The sympathetic excitement of their fellow passengers was subdued by the thought of relief from the troublesome boys and by nervous fear of journeying with a plague suspect. The friendly gentleman lent a hand in strapping valises and in gathering up the various impediments of an overland journey. There was evidently on his part no intention of questioning the wisdom of the laws of Texas.

Miss Appleton's patience received its crowning strike when she mounted her trunk as a step and was dragged by a hot overclean employee into the box car. She had hardly until then realized the significance of their movements. She had had a confused idea of the goodbys of their fellow passengers generally, but the sympathetic tones of the friendly man persisted in her mind.

Bob scrambled up beside her and announced his freedom in a hilarious whoop. It was adding insult to injury, and, as much to her own amazement as to Bob's, she seized the offender by the shoulders and shook him soundly. The crestfallen appearance of their ringleader as he sulked on a box in the corner of the car, a new, stern aunt who certainly held the whip hand, and strong desires for something to eat were conditions not conducive to free and easy romance in the desert. It was a very weary and subdued trio of boys that the local freight brought into Deming.

Miss Appleton's apprehensions that the whole party would be subject to an unpleasant quarantine were speedily removed. Before she had recovered from the surprise at the courtesy shown them by the railway officials, their fellow travelers of the Overland stepped from the caboose of the freight.

"I telegraphed to see that you were properly looked after, and I have come to see that it is done," he said with a smile. "I know this place very well, as I happen to be in the railroad business myself. You will be very comfortable here for a few days, until you get your passports."

Much to Miss Appleton's relief he assumed, with a matter of fact air, the entire management of their affairs. He did the telegraphing, the planning and the thousand and one duties demanded by their quarantine hold up. Once she ventured an apologetic remonstrance about taking up his time, but he had answered gayly that he was "off on a holiday," and that he was enjoying it immensely (which was strictly true).

Bob was the only unhappy member of the party. Pride forbade an acknowledgment of his falsehood, and he grimly accepted his punishment. He tasted the way of the transgressor in a lonely quarantine, and also realized the power of the government of Texas to punish not only visitors to Chinatown, but also those who inadvertently stray in the paths of Ananias.

A number of cablegrams were awaiting the Maynes on their arrival at Manila. Mrs. Mayne nearly fainted with astonishment at the contents of one which her husband read aloud:

"Mary married yesterday to Robert Read, general manager Great Western railroad."

Fortified Rectories.

In an article on "Historical Houses" in the House a writer calls attention to a curious relic of the days when the Northumbrian pastor was compelled to live in a fortified house if he wished to preserve his worldly goods from the plundering bands of moss troopers who were continually crossing the Scottish border and raiding the homesteads of defenseless villagers. One of the best examples of these fortified rectories, originally built in the fourteenth century, still exists in Rothbury. It is described in a list of fortlets in 1542 as a "toure and a little barmekin, being the man'con of the p'sonage of Rothbury." It has walls eleven feet thick at the base and six feet at the top. It has turrets at the corners and a chamber with a stone floor, into which the rectors drove their cattle at night or on approach of the raiders.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

PLANT EVOLUTION.

Cultivation Has Done Wonders For Fruit and Vegetables.

There are few more wrongly named things in the world than the Jerusalem artichoke. In the first place it never came from Jerusalem at all. And in the second it is not really an artichoke, but a sunflower with its tubers developed by cultivation.

Cultivation has done wonders for fruit and vegetables.

For instance, through its means peaches, apricots and nectarines have been developed from the almond, to which family all three fruits belong.

There is little apparent connection between the wild crab of the hedgerows and a Newtown pippin, but both are members of the same genus. Indeed, it is from this same wild crabapple that the whole of the 700 odd existing varieties of apples have been raised.

Technically speaking, too, the pear is an apple, and so are the medlar and the mountain ash, which latter is not an ash at all.

Is a turnip a cabbage? Yes, one variety at least of it is. This is the queer vegetable known as kohlrabi, which, although classed by scientists among the Brassica, or cabbage, family, has huge roots just like a turnip.

The cucumber is really a fruit and not a vegetable. The same remark applies to the tomato, which is really a fruit also.

The gooseberry is a currant. It is not the least like it in either appearance or flavor, yet both belong to the same family of Ribes.

The onion is a charming little flower, its various species bearing white, yellow, blue and rose colored blossoms, many produced in beautiful drooping clusters. Originally the onion was a flowering plant, but the cultivation of certain of its varieties has produced the now world famous vegetable.

What is a chestnut not a chestnut? When it is a horse chestnut. This is another of the curiosities of the classification of horticultural nomenclature. The horse chestnut is Æsculus, and the other kind Castanea.—Stray Stories.

ANIMAL SWIMMERS.

The Squirrel Is Very Swift and the Rabbit Is Oddly Awkward.

Almost all animals know how to swim without having to learn it. As soon as they fall into the water or are driven into it they instinctively make the proper motions and not only manage to keep afloat, but propel themselves without trouble.

Exceptions are the monkey, the camel, giraffe and llama, which cannot swim without assistance. Camels and llamas have to be helped across water, and giraffes and monkeys drown if they enter it. Now and then both of the latter species manage to cross waterways when they are driven to extremities, just as human beings occasionally can keep themselves above water through sheer fright.

A funny though able swimmer is the rabbit. He submerges his body with the exception of head and tail. The latter sticks away up into the air, and his hind legs make "soap suds" as he churns the water madly to get away. But with all his awkwardness he is a swift swimmer and is only beaten by the squirrel among the land animals.

The squirrel swims with his heavy tail sunk away down in the water and his head held high. He cleaves the waves like a duck, and a man in a row boat has all he can do to keep abreast of the swimming squirrel.

One thing that none of the land living animals does is to dive. No matter how hard pressed a swimming deer, rabbit, squirrel or other purely terrestrial animal may be it will remain above water. But the muskrat, beaver, ice bear and otter dive immediately.

The Lawyer's Rule.

"Ever since beginning the practice of law," said a Detroit lawyer, who begged that his name be suppressed, "I have made it a rule not to take cases in which I could not promise my client a percentage of gain over my fees. One day not long ago a business man came to me with a request to sue a debtor. I found it would cost far more than could be recovered and told him so. He was indignant and left vowing to get a lawyer to press the case regardless of expenses.

"A few weeks later he came to me again. 'Well,' said he, 'I took your advice and saved $250 by it. Now, I want you to take charge of all legal matters affecting the Blank corporation. Your retainer will be $2,000 per year.' I took it, it is needless to say."—Detroit News.

Toad and Not a Toad.

One of the queerest reptiles in the world is the horned toad of Arizona. In the first place, though it looks like a toad and is so called, it isn't a toad at all, but a lizard. It lives nowhere save in the desert and feeds on hard shelled beetles and other insects.

One of the oddest things about the creature is its way of fighting. Two horned toads will meet and fight like bulls by butting, not apparently with any notion of killing each other, but each trying to turn its adversary over. The toad that is finally upset goes away humiliated and hides himself.

Breeding Trouble.

Bertie—I don't want to go to bed yet, sis. I want to see you and Mr. Shepherd play cards.

Lucie—You wicked boy to think we should do such a thing! We never do it.

Bertie—But I heard mamma tell you to mind how you played your cards when Mr. Shepherd came!

Not Charged.

"Pardon me," said the smiling customer, "but is this mineral water charged?"

"Not any," replied the fair girl at the counter. "You pay the cashier."—Baltimore News.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

SELF INDUCED AILMENTS.

The Folly of Nursing the Habit of Not Feeling Well.

Few people realize that their ailments are largely self induced, says O. S. Marden in Success. They get into a habit of not feeling well. If they get up in the morning with a slight headache or some other trifling indisposition, instead of trying to rise above this condition they take a positive pleasure in expatiating upon their feelings to any one who will listen. Instead of combating the tendency to illness by filling the lungs with pure, fresh air they dose themselves with "headache tablets" or some other patent specific warranted to cure whatever ill they think they are suffering from. They begin to pity themselves and try to attract pity and sympathy from others. Unconsciously by detailing and dwelling upon their symptoms they re-enforce the first simple suggestions of illness by a whole army of thoughts and fears and images of disease until they are unfitted to do a day's work in their homes or offices.

There is greater danger that young girls who are delicate while growing up and lounge around the house and lie down whenever they feel the least bit out of sorts will form a habit of invalidism when they reach maturity.

How often do we see such girls "brace up" at once when anything happens which interests or excites them! An invitation to a reception or a ball or any other pleasant social function acts like a tonic. For the time being an instantaneous cure is effected. They are as well as anybody until after the entertainment.

Indulgent mothers are frequently to blame for this physical and mental laziness, for it is nothing more on the part of their daughters. A lounge or sofa is a positive curse in many a home, because it is such a temptation to lie down and succumb to trifling suggestions of illness or the least indisposition. A habit of giving in whenever you "don't feel like it" is fatal to all achievement and ruinous to self discipline, self poise and nobility and dignity of bearing.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

A Spectacle That Is Magnificent in Its Impressiveness.

It was a little past the afterglow or sunset, and the sea was a deep rich purple with long flowing swells. The sky, in the light turquoise blue of horizon, gradually deepened into a rich cobalt, in which a few stars twinkled. A majority of the men were absorbed in various occupations below when a cell of enthusiasm brought all up on deck. At a point low on the southwest horizon a faint film had arisen, which quickly, silently assumed the form of a curtain, waving and mounting upward in two stately columns past a group of finely shaped cirrostratus. In a few seconds it was across the zenith, displaying beautiful pale yellows, greens and delicate pink and blue lights, with edgings at intervals of faint purple and red. The columns descended rapidly in ever varying spirals of perspective until the avant garde was lost behind the far northwest horizon.

We were about off the Danish port of Godthaab, Greenland, a sufficiently southern latitude at this season for the afternation of day and night, and as the heavens darkened the stars shone with increasing brightness through this great shimmering veil of light.

The heavens and the sea grew darker and darker, and the aurora brighter and brighter in lightning changes of form and color, with the green and yellow and blue rays predominating and the delicate sheen from the aurora's light writhing in fiery serpent form over the face of the moving waters. What impressiveness, what magnificence! It held the soul as in a spell. There was not much talking. Splendid as it was, I afterward witnessed auroras which produced a deeper impression, due doubtless to the presence of the long night of the far north.—Century.

Arizona Sunshine.

To one who has been there, says Caspar W. Hodgson in Sunset Magazine, the name Arizona, first of all, suggests sunshine and plenty of it. Nowhere on the globe is sunshine more abundant, more appreciated or more harmless. Indeed, a sunstroke has never been recorded in this territory. Though all good Arizonians have crossed the Hassayampa river, which act, according to tradition, divests one of the power to tell the truth, I believe their records are accurate as to sunstroke. The explanation is found in the fact that heat is not so much a matter of thermometer as of humidity.

The dry, hot air of the Arizona desert is invigorating to the initiated. One can learn to love the desert. There the sunrises and sunsets are intensely beautiful and nowhere on earth richer in color. This is sometimes called Sunset Land. It might also be called Land of Sunrise.—Sunset Magazine.

Retraction.

"Look here, Mr. Editor," exclaimed an irate caller, "you referred to me yesterday as a reformed drunkard. You must apologize or I'll sue your paper for libel."

"Very well, sir," replied the editor. "I'll retract the statement cheerfully. I'll say you haven't reformed."

Their Chance.

Jaspar—Young Scadsby has enough. Why doesn't he keep out of business and give others a chance?

Jumpuppe—But it is by going into business that rich young men like him give smart young men a chance to make money.—Life.

No Wonder.

She—My parrot says some awfully clever things.

He—And who taught it to talk?

She—Oh, I did.

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W. F. SPECHT

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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secty of Internal Affairs—J. F. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisdale.
Prothonotary—C. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. K. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broadbent.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hamberg, president; Miss Tavia Rayner, secretary; C. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, F. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Rainer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. ——ackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets, on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

Wm. Edgerton, N. G.
W. G. Holder, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. Swanson, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. Choate, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

H. L. Burlingame, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

Mrs. Adell Grigsby, Pres't.
Mrs. Rose Peirce, Secy.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keyes Hall.

Z. U. Gifford, M. W.
J. C. Gallup, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. L. Wells, Com.
W. H. Morrison, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

Mollie E. Pierce, Com.
Lizzie F. Holder, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

James Lyncil, Pres't.
Thomas Clark, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. Millie L. Driever, Pres't.
Mrs. Mary E. Richmond, Secy.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

Samuel Green, Pres.
Mary A. Denning, Sec'y.

Phœnix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Mrs. W. F. Specht, W. M.
Mrs. L. T. Colegrove, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. Wilcox, S.
L. K. Hogarth, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Garland R. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 21, 1905.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 125, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:30 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:21 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 6:30 a. m., Washington 8:00 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (11:33 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

8:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and Weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:26 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M.	Lv. STATIONS.	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 25	Ridgway	12 05
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 07
10 19	Straight	11 38
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 29	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		P. M.

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

1:15 p. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

1:40 p. m.—*Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 3:30 p. m. and 3:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Tab 6 No 10.—Passenger Train Schedule.

Effective May 21, 1905.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
1:00	5:10	Lv	Mt. Jewett	Ar 8:00	12:50	
1:07	1:20	8:29	Pt. Pleasant	7:30	12:43	5:05
1:10	1:30	8:31	Hazelhurst	7:28	11:37	4:21
1:18	1:35	8:37	Marvindale	7:22	11:26	4:13
1:21	2:00	8:40	Kasson	7:18	11:21	4:10
1:26	2:07	8:47	Copes	7:12	11:27	4:03
1:33	2:25	8:55	Smethport	7:00	11:10	3:55
				p. m.		
1:51	1:25	9:14	Smethport	7:30	11:10	3:35
1:56	2:07	9:20	Mutrie	7:00	11:03	3:28
2:02	2:08	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:05	11:07	3:23
2:14	2:45	9:31	Coryville	7:00	11:00	3:15
2:29	2:50	9:46	Larabee	6:55	10:55	3:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. E. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS. Ar.	Dp.	A.M.	P.M.	Lv Westward. A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.40	2.25	9.10	
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19	
7.46	6.50	1.57	Carpenter	7.24	2.34	9.22	
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26	
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32	
"	"	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	"	
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40	
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47	
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02	
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10	
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20	
6.15	"	1.05	N. Coudsp't	"	3.26	10.35	
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar	8.25	3.30	10.45	
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.	
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp. 8.28	6.00	1.20	0
4.8	0	12.13	Hammond	33	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.37	6.05	1.31	
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37	
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0	
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51	
3.30	7.16	11.47	Eurtville	8.54	6.28	2.01	
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0	
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0	
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25	
A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp.	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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His Duty As Sheriff

By JOHN ANDREWS

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The people of Brandy county not only liked Joe Bailey as a man among them, but everybody said he was a sheriff to be proud of. He showed no favoritism and was all for duty, and when a warrant was placed in his hands it was sure to be served if the "within named" had not left the state or turned up his toes. Brandy county was comparatively new, and there were all sorts of critters to be met with and all sorts of warrants to be served.

It thus happened that Joe Bailey one day found himself riding over the prairie toward Plum creek to bring in one James Ferguson, charged with the crime of stealing a cow. The only thing he knew about the man was that he was a widower, lived in a sod house and had a daughter with him.

In due time the sheriff arrived at the Ferguson claim and dismounted at the open door. As he did so a young woman came out to see who had ar-



TURNS WILL BE NO WARRANT SERVED ALL SAID THE JUDGE.

rived. For a minute Joe was so taken aback that he forgot to remove his hat. She was a young woman of twenty, and the best he knew was he could remember seeing in a year. He both admired and pitied her.

"Well?" she queried as he finally doffed his hat.

"I am the sheriff," he replied, "and am sorry to say that I have a warrant to arrest James Ferguson. He is your father, I take it?"

"Yes, he is my father," answered the girl, "but if you have come to arrest him it is an outrage. Is it about the cow?"

"It is, miss."

"Then let me tell you that while my father may have broken the law, he has been guilty of no crime. He sold the cow to a man who meant to cheat him out of the price, and discovering this he took possession and drove her back home. If the man has sworn out a warrant it was simply a mean revenge."

"Just so, miss. Just so," mused Joe, "but you see I know nothing about the facts in the case. I am here to serve the warrant and take your father over to Clinchville, and I hope that it will turn out as you say and that he will be back home tomorrow. May I ask if he is around the claim?"

"He got hurt yesterday and can't put one of his feet to the ground."

"Twisted his ankle, eh? Well, he shall ride my horse. He'll have to go back with me."

"But he didn't steal the cow."

"When a warrant is placed in my hands I must serve it. The rest is for the lawyers to wrangle over. I'm only doing my duty, and I hope you'll excuse me."

The girl looked him straight in the eyes and saw sympathy there. She liked his looks, but her face hardened and there was a glitter in her eyes as she turned to enter the house and said:

"Just give me a minute to talk with father, will you?"

The minute had only half expired when the sheriff found himself covered by a rifle in the hands of the daughter and heard her quietly saying:

"If you try to take my father away from here on any such warrant as that I'll put a bullet into you!"

"Shoo! Shoo!" exclaimed Joe as he fell back a pace or two. "Young woman, do you know you are defying the law? You can be sent to prison for a couple of years for holding me up this way, and it will only hurt your father's case."

"Listen to me," said the girl as she held her weapon ready. "There will be no warrant served here. You had best ride away at once."

"I see. I don't want no shooting match with a young woman. I'll ride away, but I'll come back again. It's my duty to serve this warrant. So long to you, miss."

The sheriff had been bested, but it was by a young and good looking woman, and he did not feel so very crestfallen as he rode away. His idea was to arrest the father outside the house and avoid all trouble with the daughter.

The next day he returned to the claim and lay hidden for several hours. He caught sight of the girl at the door several times, but the father did not appear. He came again next day and the next, but with the same results. On the fourth, however, Ferguson was found at work some distance from the house, and the officer made straight for him. It was the daughter who caught sight of him first and gave the alarm, and the father gained the shelter of the house before he could be come up with. The sheriff was warned away, and when he refused to go he was fired on. It was the girl who sent two or three bullets whizzing close to his head, and in return he lifted his hat and rode off.

The sheriff didn't return to Clinchville and raise a posse to ride back with him and storm the house. For a day or two he turned things over in his mind and said nothing to any one. The more he thought of the matter the more interested he became in Miss Ferguson. She had fired upon him and driven him away, but at the same time he remembered that she blushed as he looked into her eyes. The result of his cogitations was that when he next rode toward Plum creek he was alone. As he drew near the house the girl showed at the door with a rifle in her hands. Joe rode forward without drawing rein and as he dismounted at the door he carelessly observed:

"Miss Ferguson, I am in trouble, and I am in hopes you will consent to help me out."

"If you have come to arrest father let me tell you that he shan't go," she replied.

"It is my duty, you see. If I don't do it I shall be kicked out of the county. They won't put up with a sheriff who lets a girl drive him off. If I can make you realize this perhaps you'll lend me the aid I want."

"What! To arrest my own father!"

"Not exactly that. I'd like him to take my horse and ride into town and see Lawyer Boon. Boon is rather expecting him, and he'll give him good legal advice. When he returns I'll ride on to see Turner, who bought the cow. I'll mention two or three little matters to him, and I guess he'll be glad to drop the case. I don't seem to have the warrant with me today, and of course I can't arrest a man without a warrant."

"But you asked for my aid," said the girl.

"Why—why, I'd like you to sit right here while your father is gone and talk to me. As the sheriff of Brandy county it's my duty to arrest your father, but as Joe Bailey it's my duty to—to"

"To what, sir?"

"To fall in love with you and come courting and marry you whenever you will do me the great honor. Now, then, is it shooting or—or what?"

And there was no shooting.

A Fellow Accuser.

A recent writer on cats tells the following story: "A physician of Lyons, France, was requested to inquire into the circumstances of a supposed murder that had been committed of a woman in that city. In consequence of that request he went to the house of the woman, where he found her shut. A large white cat was seated on the cornice of a cupboard at the far end of the apartment, where it seemed to have taken refuge. It sat motionless, with its eyes fixed on the corpse, its attitude and looks expressing horror and affright. The following morning it was found in the same station and attitude, and when the room was filled with officers of justice neither the chattering of the soldiers' arms nor the loud conversation of the company could in the least degree divert its attention. As soon, however, as the suspected personns were brought in its eyes glared with increased fury, its hair bristled, it darted into the midst of the apartment, where it stopped for a moment to gaze at them, and then precipitately retreated under the bed. The countenances of the assassins were disconcerted, and they were now for the first time during the whole course of the horrid business abandoned by their atrocious audacity."

Snakes as Articles of Diet.

Italians are partial to harmless snakes and have no objection to eating them when cooked. A fritura composed of the common wood serpent's flesh is even regarded as a dainty by the lower orders in Rome, Florence and Naples and is often served up to them in their dingy restaurants. Parisians of the inferior classes are also great eaters of fried snakes, but unwittingly so, for the reptiles are palmed off on them as eels. Thus the apparently appetizing dishes known as matelotte d'anguille and anguille a la tartare are often in low eating houses nothing but harmless snakes caught in the wilder part of the Vincennes wood and brought up to a special market near the Place de la Republique. It is probable, however, that even if the members of the poorer classes here who occasionally indulge in fried or stewed eels were apprised of the fraud practiced at their expense they would evince no loathing nor even lack of appetite, seeing that they are ready to devour not only horseflesh, but meat of mule, donkey and dog any day in the week.—London Telegraph.

Odd Newspaper Names.

Newspapers have peculiar names here and there. One was started in the village of Woodbine, Ia., and the owner called it the Woodbine Twinedl. There is the Oakland Acorn in Oakland. Here are some other bona fide names of past and present "organs:" Sinamon Sod House, Fargo Springs Prairie Owl, Valley Falls Lucifer, Garden City Irrigator, Tombstone Epitaph, Lake City Prairie Dog, Dodge City Cowboy, Greenfield Cap Sheaf, South Center Bazoo, Anniston Hot Blast, Wano Rustler, Kirkland Knuckle, Ixbo Light, Spearville Blade, Chesterville Paralyzer and Garden City Bundle of Sticks.

At Close Range.

Mrs. Upperten—I had all the conceit taken out of me yesterday.

Mrs. Nextdoor—Indeed! And where did they find room to put all of it?—Denver News.

QUAINT BATAVIA.

Java's Picturesque Town and the People One Meets There.

Imagine a town of giant dolls' houses, built in Burmese and Japanese style, trim avenues of beautiful trees, broad, clean streets and thousands of grown up dolls masquerading in original fancy dress, the picture book of one's childhood animated—that is Batavia.

The streets are paraded listlessly by gangs of blue garbed convicts, who pick up cigar ends, bits of paper and fruit peel. The cleanliness of the streets is astonishing.

A man in Batavia once threw a piece of banana peel on the ground, and, looking back a moment afterward, he felt reproached by the sight of that wretched piece of peel, the only blot on the immaculate cleanness of the streets. For awhile his dignity fought with his sense of decency. Then he returned, picked up the offending peel, and—feeling very foolish—carried it until he saw a convenient opportunity for disposing of it.

Representatives of many nations congregate in Batavia, blue gowned Javanese, wearing white pith helmets shaped like inverted saucers; portly Chinese merchants, dressed in a grotesque combination of yellow silk clothes and billycock hats of Hampstead Heath, their pigtails interwoven with blue silk; lean, tawny Malays, Hindoos, Javanese and effeminate looking Cingalese jostle each other on the sidewalks.

It is impossible for a casual observer to distinguish the sex of a Cingalese, as the men have delicate, refined features, are clean shaven, fasten their long hair behind their heads in woman fashion and wear skirts that sweep the ground.

The dress of the Javanese women merits a detailed description, as the Batavian Dutch ladies have adopted the native dress for morning wear.

A long strip of native cloth, called a sarong, is wound round and round the body beneath the armpits and reaches almost to the ankles. An abbreviated Eton jacket, called a kebaia, covers the shoulders, and out of doors ladies' slippers are worn on stockingless feet, and a paper parasol is carried.

The Batavian Dutch do not make their toilets, and if they go out of doors, until the afternoon, so that one may see men in evening dress and women in the native dress, lolling on the verandas or sitting down to meals at the hotels. The custom is a very sensible one, considering the climate.—Chambers' Journal.

When Dinner Is Over.

As a rule an hour and a half is spent in conversation after a dinner, when neither host nor guests have any other entertainment for the evening. When a lady and gentleman are sitting together the lady makes the first motion at departure, the gentleman promptly following her lead. No matter how numerous the company, no guest should depart without bidding adieu to the hostess with thanks for her hospitality. These need be neither stiff nor effusive, just some little words of appreciation of the pleasure you have enjoyed in her home. Goodbye may be said to other friends present before you bid adieu to the hostess or to any standing near the door as you pass out, but do not stop for any lengthy conversation after having said good night to your entertainers.

Suicide by Smoking.

One of the most extraordinary suicides on record was enacted in Bestb. Baron Rela Ofyt, a wealthy citizen, deliberately poisoned himself by smoking cigars and tobacco to excess. The baron had lost a large fortune in speculation. Having a wife and six children, he insured himself very heavily in their behalf in five companies and then proceeded to put into operation his unique plan for self destruction. He hired a small room in a mean portion of the city and in ten months died of what the doctors called "galloping consumption." He had consumed 5,500 cigars and about a hundred pounds of tobacco.

The Helping Word.

There was a certain old woman who was a constant and devout attendant at church. Her husband died, and her pastor called upon her to comfort her in her sad bereavement.

"Well, my good woman," the pastor remarked, "in your bitter trial I hope you have found some ray of comfort from the Scriptures."

"Indeed I have, dominie," was the confident though tearful reply.

"That's grand, sister," exclaimed the parson sympathetically, "but tell me what passage of the word helped you most."

"Grin and bear it."

"Omit the Third Stanza."

Mabelle had been unusually quiet at church one Sunday. She was generally a very restless listener. Her mother, noticing it, asked her:

"What made you so good during service this morning, daughter?"

"I was thinking," answered the child, "why the people who write hymns always put something bad in them that the ministin can't let the people sing. He always says 'omit the third' or some other stanza, and he says it over twice, so they'll be sure not to sing it, so it must be something wicked."—New York Times.

A Way the Baby Has.

"Has the baby had the measles yet, Mr. Popps?"

"Sh-sh! Don't speak so loud. Whenever he hears anything mentioned that he hasn't got he cries for it."

Ruskin's favorite adverb was "entirely." Over the grave of his father he put a memorial stone describing the elder Ruskin as "an entirely honest merchant."

WINNING HIS WAGER

By H. G. HODGKINS

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"Why don't you ask me what she looks like?" I inquired somewhat petulantly.

Averill stretched himself in his easy chair and turned so as to hold me directly within his lazy view. "For the very excellent reason that I have not the slightest curiosity to know, ma cherie."

I shrugged impatiently at the address. "You would best keep to your English," I said. "Your accent is atrocious."

He laughed.

"Since they are due now at any moment," I went on, ignoring the laugh, "I should think you would want to know what to prepare for—"

"What doth it profit a man—" He spread out his hands deprecatingly.

"She has liquid brown eyes and red hair," I pursued triumphantly.

"A type much overrated," he murmured.

"And a mouth like a"—I searched for a simile—"rosebud," I ended somewhat tamely.

"There are others." The accompanying smile teased me, but I didn't mean him to see it. I am plain, but, thank heaven and three older brothers, I know it——

"What type do you, mine most?" I asked in a manner disarmingly confidential.

He deliberated between slow puffs at a cigar. "I like a good carriage—sincere eyes—and a smile that is"—he hesitated—"waiting," he finished.

They are my three good points. I was angry. "I wish you would ever be serious," I complained.

"I wish you would ever take me seriously," he mocked.

"I should like to see the woman that you could talk to a half a minute without complimenting," I flashed.

"I should like to see the man who could do otherwise under like circumstances," he taunted.

Then I was furious. "I know I am homely," I said, the blood coming to my face. "I wasn't brought up with



NOTHING COULD BE SWEETER OR FAIRER THAN MAUDE BARCLAY.

three boys for nothing, but I don't think that excuses their friends for making game of me."

The lazy laughter died out of his eyes. "I wasn't making game of you, Helen," he said. (Everybody calls me Nell.) "I was telling you the truth."

Something in his voice made me frightened.

"People don't pay me compliments who tell me the truth," I hastened to say stoutly.

He looked at me steadily with a look that was disconcerting. "I don't like pretty girls," he said after a moment. "They're so deadly vain."

"I'll wager you anything you like," I said, recovering from my temper, "that in a week you'll be the utter slave of the prettiest girl you ever saw."

He caught me up. "My tourmaline against your opal?"

I looked at my opal reluctantly. It was my favorite jewel. "But yet," I said, "it's safe."

"Done," he declared.

"I always liked that opal," looking at it critically.

Then he appeared to weaken. "Is she so charming, Nell?" he asked confidentially.

I fell into the boys' slang. "She's a stunner," I said enthusiastically. "Our boys are crazy over her, to the last man. It took the entire squad to get her safely up from the station." And just then the carriage swept into view.

Nothing could be sweeter or fairer than Maude Barclay in her black traveling costume as she stepped from the carriage and gave Averill her hand in response to my introduction—unless it was Maude Barclay as she came down a half hour later in ivory white. Surely the shadows in her brown eyes had never been so mystifying nor the light on her hair so enchanting. A color crept into her cheeks as she met the admiration in Averill's eyes that was exquisite beyond even the power of imagination to paint. If that moment I had been given my choice of the way above all others that I would wish to look I should have said, "Let me look like that."

I could see Averill during the first day or two making one or two ineffectual struggles against the spell of her beauty. He even sought me out a few times for one of his teasing interviews, but his eyes wandered even then to where Maude sat talking to Reggie or Don or receiving Dick's open adoration. Later he ceased to struggle altogether. If Maude played tennis with Don, Averill kept score; if she golfed with Dick he went as caddie; if she boated he rowed; if she rested he read to her, and this, Averill, the indolent, who had never before in all his existence been known to exert himself for any daughter of Eve.

The tourmaline was mine surely enough—and the triumph. I wondered that the thought gave me so little delight. However, even a girl who is used to being plain may feel a sting at the loss of an old comrade. And there had been once or twice in Averill's eyes a look—but, nonsense, that was only when there was absolutely nobody else at hand.

The week sped. We always crowded Maude's visits with festivities. The dance at the end was but the culmination. I was surprised when Averill sought me out in the afternoon and asked me to save him the second waltz; the more so that he made something of a point of it.

I never saw Maude look so pretty as she did that night. I didn't wonder the men stood three deep about her, but marveled at her skill in managing so many. She was gracious and charming with them all; but it was Averill who led her away. They made a fine couple.

As the first strains of the second waltz sounded, Tom Porter came up. "Is this taken, Nell?" he asked in his offhand way. I nodded.

"If my partner doesn't forget," I said, and then glanced down the hall to see Averill already waltzing with Maude.

I made my way quickly to the porch and down its length to the end. I had a blind fear that he'd discover me waiting for a waltz that he had forgotten. Even a plain girl has her pride.

A full moon rode in the sky. The lawn lay dappled with alluring patches of light. It blurred suddenly before my swimming eyes. It is hard at twenty-three to be plain and forgotten.

Somebody came up behind me. I feared Tom Porter, might have observed my escape and come to seek me.

"Why are you here, Nell?" said Averill's voice. "Did you forget that this waltz was ours?" I shook my head, winking away the drops that stood in my eyes lest he see them.

"Did you think I had forgotten, Nell?"

It stung me that he should dare use that tone to me. I turned. The tourmaline swung from his watch fob close to my hand.

"I think this little trinket belongs to me, Mr. Averill," I said in a voice that sounded odd to my own ears.

He bent swiftly as I spoke and looked in my face; then with a sweep of his long arm drew me to him.

The throb of his heart against my own made me strangely weak and faint. I struggled for release. But there was something in the touch of that constraining arm that I dared not interpret.

"Do you know, Nell," he said, and even in that moment I noted the triumph in his voice, "I believe you are jealous at last—at last?"

The Damsel in the Trunk.

A great many people have for various reasons gone through the extraordinary experience of traveling as luggage instead of as passengers. One of these is a certain Mexican maid who for a short time back was dying to be with her lover over the border in Texas. But she was too closely watched by her stern parents to be able to escape from her home, and in this difficulty an old servant considerately came to her aid. She procured a large trunk, in which breathing holes were bored, and the interior was padded with some soft material.

With the damsel inside the trunk was then dispatched to its intended destination, which it unfortunately never reached, for the girl suddenly found herself pitched into a luggage van on her head, and other packages were piled around her in such a way as to prevent access of light and air. Even with these essentials the position would have been quite untenable, but the imminent danger of suffocation prompted her to at once scream lustily for help.

As quickly as their astonishment would permit, the railway officials opened the trunk and brought out the suffering sloper. She was forthwith restored to her home, and thus ended the romance of the beautiful Senorita Juna Dural.

A Chinaman's Pocket.

A Chinaman's pocket is more difficult of access than the proverbial pocket of our grandmothers, which furnished the theme of many ancient jests. On occasion Chinamen produce. They buy for ready cash. Money comes from them at remote intervals, but from what exact locality no Caucasian has been able to ascertain. Each Chink is a sort of prestidigitator. He contracts to purchase a thing, and, presto! there is the money on the counter. There is no delving in the depths of coat or trousers, as with the white man. The coin materializes, as it were, from before your eyes. Enterprising highwaymen have held up Chinamen and dissected them, but discovered no pockets. Where does the heathen carry his change? It is a question that vexes. It is easy to hold up a Chinaman, but until we locate his pockets it is not worth while.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Genius at Home.

"I am striving," said the poet, "to write my name on the scroll of fame."

"Oh, heavens," his sad eyed wife replied, "I wish you could write it on the back of a good, big check just once!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

LYNCH LAW.

It May Have Taken Its Name From a Mayor of Galway.

About the year 1500 one James Fitzstephens Lynch was mayor of the town of Galway, in Ireland. He had sent his son on a trading expedition to Spain with a good cargo and a large sum of money. The young man returned with a ship load of valuable commodities, which he reported as having been purchased with the money and with the proceeds of the outgoing cargo. After some time a Spaniard came along, demanding payment from the mayor for the goods he alleged had been bought on credit by his son. The mayor declined payment, as his son averred he had paid in cash for the goods. Unfortunately for the latter, a sailor who had been one of the crew on examination by Mayor Lynch declared that his unworthy son had spent in reckless debauchery not only the money intrusted to him, but the proceeds of the cargo as well; that he had then bought goods from a large firm on credit, and that when one of the partners of the firm came down to the ship before sailing to receive the money young Lynch murdered the man and had him thrown overboard to conceal the facts from his father.

The young man was immediately arrested and brought before his father, who, notwithstanding the tearful entreaties of his wife and daughters, sentenced him to death. He took him upstairs in his warehouse, adjusted a rope around his neck, having first secured it inside, and then pushed the young man out of the window, where his dying struggles were witnessed by the inhabitants of the town of Galway. In the town records this entry is yet to be seen:

"James Lynch, mayor of Galway, hanged his own son out of the window for defrauding and killing strangers, without martial or common law, to show a good example to posterity."

It may be from that incident that lynch law took its name. It is not a peculiar American institution, as is commonly supposed, but has been practiced in other countries. The English had a walled town in Devonshire of the name of Lydford, which became noted for the summary punishments inflicted on notorious offenders. They became proverbial in England as Lydford law, and it is not impossible that lynch may be a corruption of Lydford. In Scotland it was known as "Jedburgh justice."

James Lynch, a justice of the peace in one of the Piedmont counties in Virginia, whose methods were both summary and severe, is also credited with having given his name to this offhand and expeditious mode of dealing with criminals now generally known as lynch law.—Pittsburg Gazette.

General Grant's Supreme Courage.

General Grant's courage was supreme. No man could face danger with greater composure. He did not seem to know the meaning of peril when duty called him to risk his life. At one time I saw the general escape death by a very slight margin. We were breaking camp at Spottsylvania Court House and under the fire of a Confederate battery. All of the headquarters equipage had been removed except a camp stool, and on this the general was sitting while the shells of the enemy's guns shrieked over our heads. A shell passed just over the general, not missing him apparently by more than a few inches, and struck the ground about thirty feet away. Without showing the slightest nervousness he called to me to get the shell, saying, "Let's see what kind of ammunition that battery is using." I went and picked up the shell, which was a six pound spherical case, and the general examined it as coolly as if there was not an enemy's gun within 100 miles of him.—National Magazine.

The Point of View.

Two window washers were at work on the ledges of the sixteenth story windows of a downtown office building about ten feet from each other. As they hung to their straps and washed and polished the glass they could look into the offices, where a number of clerks were bending over ledgers and books.

For a half hour they worked and watched the clerks, who did not move from their confined position over their books. Finally one big window washer leaned back as far as his strap would permit and called to his fellow:

"Ain't it strange what some folks will do for a living?"—Chicago Tribune.

Electrical Oscillations.

Hertz ago first produced rapid electrical oscillations and showed that they traveled through space with the speed of light and reappeared as electrical oscillations and sparks in suitably arranged conductors at a distance. Starting with waves twenty feet long in air and oscillating 50,000,000 times a second, he worked down to waves one-tenth as long and ten times as rapid.

A Time Slayer.

Miss Nexdor—This is a pretty time of night for that Dashee girl to be playing the piano.

Miss Also—Oh, she's no respecter of time. You can tell that from the way she's playing.—Baltimore American.

What Did He Mean?

"Have you ever been married?" asked the magistrate.

"No," replied the prisoner at the bar of justice; "but I've been blown up by dynamite."—Philadelphia Record.

The Person's Comment.

"Yes," said the Billville father, "that boy shall be taught to tell the truth."

"He's mighty young to be sent so far from home!" replied the parson.—Atlanta Constitution.

Being a good fellow requires time, money and a strong constitution. Mere will power will not suffice.—Puck.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

THE EPISODE IN ROOM 222

By ARNOLD BENNETT

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The date was the 5th of November. It was a Friday, and yet there are people who affect to believe that Friday is not a day singled out from its six companions for mystery, strangeness and disaster. The number of the room was 222. The hotel I shall call by the name of the Grand Junction Terminus hotel.

The Grand Junction is full every night in the week except Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Every commercial traveler knows that, except on these nights, if he wishes to secure a room he must write or telegraph for it in advance. And there are 400 bedrooms.

It was somewhat late in the evening when I arrived in L——. On the spur of the moment I decided to stay at the Grand Junction if there was space for me. It is thus that fate works.

I walked into the hall, followed by a platform porter with my bag. The place seemed just as usual, the perfection of the commonplace, the business-like and the unspiritual.

"Have you a room?" I asked the young lady in black whose yellow hair shone gayly at the office window under the electric light.

She glanced at the ledgers in the impassive and detached manner which hotel young ladies with yellow hair invariably affect and ejaculated:

"No. 221."

"Pity you couldn't make it all twos," I ventured, with thinly jocularity. How could I guess the import of what I was saying?

She smiled very slightly with a distant condescension. "Name?" she demanded.

"Edge."

In another moment I was in the elevator.

No. 221 was the last door but one at the end of the eastern corridor of the fourth floor. It proved to be a double bedded room, large, exquisitely ugly, but perfectly appointed in all matters of comfort. In short, it was characteristic of the hotel. I knew that every bedroom in that corridor presented exactly the same aspect. One instinctively felt the impossibility of anything weird, anything bizarre, anything terrible, entering the precincts of an abode so solid, cheerful, orderly and middle class.

It will be well for me to relate all that I did that evening. I went down to the billiard room and played a hundred up with the marker. To show that my nerves were at least as steady as usual that night I may mention that, although the marker gave me fifty and beat me, I made a break of twenty odd which won his generous approval. The game concluded, I went into the hall and asked the porter if there were any telegrams for me. There were not. I noticed that the porter—it was the night porter, and he had just come on duty—seemed to have a peculiarly honest and attractive face. Wishing him good night, I retired to bed.

At 3 o'clock I awoke, not with a start, but rather gradually. I know it was exactly 3 o'clock because the striking of a notoriously noisy church clock in the neighborhood was the first thing I heard. But the clock had not awakened me. I felt sure that something else, something far more sinister than a church clock, had been the origin of disturbance.

I listened. Then I heard it again. It was the sound of a groan in the next room.

"Some one indisposed, either in body or mind," I thought lightly, and I tried to go to sleep again. But I could not sleep. The groans continued and grew more poignant, more fearsome. At last I jumped out of bed and turned on the light.

"That man, whoever he is, is dying." The idea, as it were, sprang at my throat. "Only a man who saw Death by his side and trembled before the apparition could groan like that."

I put on some clothes and went into the corridor. It seemed to stretch away into illimitable distance, and far off a solitary electric light glimmered. My end was a haunt of gloomy shadows, except where the open door allowed the light from my bedroom to illuminate the long, monotonous pattern of the carpet.

I proceeded to the door next my own—the door of No. 222, and put my ear against the panel. The sound of groans was now much more distinct and more terrifying. I called. No answer. "What's the matter?" I inquired. No answer. Then I tried to open the door, but it was fast.

"Yes," I said to myself, "either he's dying or he's committed a murder and is feeling sorry for it. I must fetch the night porter."

I was compelled to find my way along endless corridors and down flights of stairs apparently innumerable. Here and there an electric light sought with its yellow eye to pierce the gloom. At length I reached the hall.

"There's a man either dying or very ill in No. 222," I said to the night porter.

"Is that so, sir?" he replied.

"Yes," I insisted. "I think he's dying. Hadn't you better do something?"

"If you think he's dying, sir, I'll call up the manager, Mr. Thom."

"Do," I said.

The manager slept on the first floor, and he soon appeared, a youngish man in a terra cotta dressing gown, his eyes full of sleep, yet alert and anxious to do his duty. We all three constituted our progress to the fourth floor. Arrived in front of No. 222, we listened intently, but we could only hear a faint occasional groan.

"He's nearly dead," I said. The manager called aloud, but there was no answer. Then he vainly tried to open the door. The night porter departed and returned with a stout pair of steel tongs. With these and the natural ingenuity peculiar to hotel porters he forced open the door, and we entered No. 222.

A stout, middle aged man lay on the bed fully dressed in black. On the floor near the bed was a silk hat. As we approached the great body seemed to flutter, and then it lay profoundly and terribly still. The manager put his hand on the man's head and held the glass of his watch to the man's parted lips.

"He is dead," said the manager.

"H'm!" I said.

"I'm sorry you've been put to any inconvenience," said the manager, "and I'm much obliged to you."

The cold but polite tone was a request to me to re-enter my own chamber and leave the corpse to the manager and the night porter. I obeyed.

* * * * * * *

"What about that man?" I asked the hall porter early the next, or, rather, the same, morning. I had not slept a wink since 3 o'clock, nor had I heard a sound in the corridor.

"What man, sir?" the porter said.

"You know," I returned rather angrily—"the man who died in the night—No. 222."

"I assure you, sir," he said, "I haven't the least notion what you mean."

Yet his face seemed as honest and open as ever.

I inquired at the office for the manager and after some difficulty saw him in his private office.

"I thought I'd just see about that man," I began.

"What man?" the manager asked exactly as the porter had asked.

"Look here," I said, as I was now really annoyed; "it's all very well giving instructions to the hall porter, and I can quite understand you want the thing kept as quiet as possible, but I saw the corpse and was of some assistance to you"—

"Excuse me," said the manager. "Either you or I must be completely mad."

"Do you mean to say," I remarked, with frosty sarcasm, "that you didn't enter room 222 with me this morning at 3 a. m. and find a dead man there?"

"I mean to say just that," he answered.

"Well"—I got no further. I paid my bill and left, but before leaving I went and carefully examined the door of No. 222. The door plainly showed marks of some iron instrument.

"Here," I said to the porter as I departed. "Accept this half crown from me. I admire you."

* * * * * * *

In the course of my subsequent travels I once more found myself late one night at the Grand Junction Terminus hotel.

"Mr. Edge," said the night porter. "I've been looking out for you for weeks and weeks. The manager's compliments, and he would like to see you in his room."

Again I saw the youngish, alert manager.

"Mr. Edge," he began at once, "it is probable that I owe you an apology. At any rate I think it right to inform you that on the night of the 5th of November, the year before last, exactly twelve months before your last visit here, a stout man died in room No. 222 at 3 a. m. I forgot the circumstance when you last came to see me in this room."

"It seems queer," I said coldly, "that you should have forgotten such a circumstance."

"The fact is," he replied, "I was not the manager at that time. My predecessor died two days after the discovery of the corpse in room 222."

"And the night porter—is he, too, a new man?"

"Yes," said the manager, "the porter who, with the late manager, found the corpse in room 222 is now in Hanwell Lunatic asylum."

"Then you think," I said, "that I was the victim of a hallucination on my previous visit here?"

"On these matters," said the manager, "I prefer to think nothing."

The Rabbit as a Gardener.

Among the unpaid gardeners who keep certain parts of our landscape trim must be reckoned the humble rabbit. "Rabbit turf" on the juniper studded slopes of the Surrey hills or the verges of the Devonshire cliffs, is almost the finest sward existing. The constant nibbling of the rabbits, which work steadily outward from their burrows, cropping the grass again and again closer than does a mowing machine, dwarfs not only the grass, but all other plants and herbs. They also nibble the furze bushes and bunches of heather into cushions and blunt cones and give to the ground which they frequent the appearance of being covered with artificially rounded and trimmed shrubs and bushes so characteristic of the sides of downs, an effect which the numbers of ant hills aid in producing. On some parts of the coast, especially in the sand hills which protect low lands from the sea, rabbits occasionally threaten to produce very much more serious changes in the landscape than this. They burrow into the sand hills and weaken them until they are no longer the firm barrier that they were. Over the whole of the coast of Holland the board which has control of the dikes and dams has plenary powers to enter upon any estate in the "dunes" fringing the sea and then and there to kill, slay and exterminate the rabbits without asking permission if, in the judgment of its officers, they are weakening the sand hills.—Spectator.

An Experiment.

"You see," said Corntossel, "a phrenologist once told us that our boy Josh had a remarkable head."

"So you sent him to college?"

"Yes. Now we're waiting to see whether his head is goin' to turn out to be a congenial residence fur brains or jes' a garden fur football hair.—Washington Star.

Paternal Assistance.

Barnes—When I was young my mother always used to sing me to sleep.

Sheds—Yes, women are good at that sort of thing, but it takes the father's voice to wake a fellow up in the morning.—Boston Transcript.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

The Men and Women Who Carry Chips on Their Shoulders.

The really unhappy man whose unhappiness is his own fault is the one who is forever carrying "a chip upon his shoulder." Perhaps his happiness is his unhappiness, for when he is not engaged in a personal altercation he is brooding over some fancied slight and awaiting a favorable opportunity to give vent to his wrath.

The man with the chip on his shoulder is easily recognized, and his society by wise people is carefully avoided. He can go nowhere without trouble following in his wake. If he attends a theater he is either annoyed by the usher or some one in the audience or at the man in the box office for not having sold him a seat bought long before he appeared at the window. He is the bane of the car conductor and on the railroad train he succeeds in embroiling himself in a row with the brakeman, conductor, Pullman car porter and the passengers. Each flying cinder from the locomotive is aimed especially at his eyes, and he succeeds in stirring up the spirit of mutiny in the hearts of the travelers.

There are some women similarly constituted, who manage to be in trouble from the moment their eyes open in the morning till they close them in sleep. These people are indeed to be pitied, if indeed they are not cordially hated. This quarrelsome habit of mind can be so fostered that the petulancy grows to be a malignant disease and leads sometimes to the insane asylum. Parents who notice in their children this fretful, quarreling disposition can easily find a remedy. They may not agree to the measure—simply a good, sound thrashing. Every one has heard of the story of the child who was continually whimpering and quarreling. In despair the mother cried: "Are you sick? What do you want?" Gravely the child answered, "I think, mamma, I want a whipping." She received the whipping, and there was a marked improvement in her temper.—San Francisco Post.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

What is genius? It is the power to be a boy again at will.—"Tommy and Grizel."

There is one consoling thing about being disillusioned—it presupposes the illusion.—"A Social Departure."

Their heroes was a quicker way—to kill courage in a fuller than to fight his fights for him.—"The Substitute."

Women have us back to the condition of primitive man or they shoot us higher than the topmost star.—"The Egoist."

Tact is the exercise of that wit whereby woman renders man unconscious of the chains in which her beauty binds him.—"A Summer In New York."

When a man has once treated a matter as a joke, be it for ever so brief a period, he can never take it back again into the region of the highest tragedy, where alone danger lies.—"Flower o' the Corn."

Optimism in life is a good working hypothesis if by optimism we mean the open eyed faith that force exerted is never lost. Much that calls itself faith is only the blindness of self satisfaction.—"The Philosophy of Despair."

Perception of the Beautiful.

An instance of the Italian child's quick, poignant perception of the beautiful occurred the other day in one of the settlement libraries. A shy little maiden, with a world of dream thoughts in the depths of her dark eyes, stood by the librarian's desk waiting for Andrew Lang's "Gray Fairy Book." But when it was given into her small hands all the wealth of fairy lore between its covers was for a moment forgotten in contemplation of the cover, a dainty design in gray and silver. All thought of the story vanished. The child stood there eying the book with a look that was a caress, her hands just touching the binding, tenderly, as something of fragile beauty. And then, very softly, as if to herself, she said: "I mustn't get it the least bit dirty. It's so pretty."—Everybody's Magazine.

Lytton's Good Catch.

Bulwer-Lytton was once entertaining at Knebworth a young Australian when the visitor from Melbourne, shy and clumsy, took from the mantelpiece a piece of china lately given his host by a grateful colonial. It slipped out of his hands. In another moment it would have been shivered upon the hearth. The host, from his sofa, saw what had happened, was up in an instant, stretched out his hand and caught the bowl just ere it descended on the marble. "Fielded, by Jove! But I save my crockery, which I would rather not have written 'Money' than have lost," cried the novelist.

The Rich Man's Plaint.

I don't see what good my money does me. I can't eat. I never saw it in its entirety. I dress no better than my private secretary and have a much smaller appetite than my coachman. I live in a big barn of a house, am pestered to death by beggars, have dyspepsia, and most of my money is in the hands of others, who use it mainly for their own benefit.—New York Press.

Taste For Color.

Our hero beat his young wife until she was black and blue.

"The feminine characters in a society novel are so apt to be colorless," said he in explanation of the seeming gaucherie.—Detroit Free Press.

Asked and Answered.

Irate Father—Ah! How is it that I catch you kissing my daughter, sir? Answer me, sir; how is it?

Young Man—Fine, sir; fine!—Philadelphia Ledger.

A TEMPEST OF BATTLE.

Stirring Description of a Cavalry Charge at Gettysburg.

A cavalry charge met by a countercharge of cavalry is still perhaps the most terrible spectacle witnessed in war. If the reader has never seen such a charge he can form little conception of its awe inspiring fury. Imagine yourself looking down from Gettysburg's heights upon the open, wide-spreading plain below where 5,000 horses are marshaled in battle line. Standing beside them are 5,000 riders armed, booted and spurred and ready to mount. The bugles sound the "Mount!" and instantly 5,000 plumes rise above the horses as the riders spring into their saddles. In front of the respective squadrons the daring leaders take their places. The fluttering pennants or streaming guidons, ten to each regiment, mark the left of the companies. On the opposite slope of the same plain are 5,000 hostile horsemen clad in different uniforms ready to meet these in countercharge. Under those 10,000 horses are their hoofs, iron shod and pitiless, beneath whose furious tread the plain is soon to quiver. Again on each slope of the open field the bugles sound. Ten thousand sabers leap from scabbards and glisten in the sun. The trained horses chafe their restraining bits, and as the bugle notes sound the charge their nostrils dilate and their flanks swell in sympathetic impulse with the dashing riders. "Forward!" shouts the commander. Down the lines and through the columns in quick succession ring the echoing commands. "Forward, forward!" As this order thrills through eager ears sabers flash and spurs are planted in palpitating flanks. The madly flying horses thunder across the trembling field, filling the air with clouds of dust and whizzing pebbles. Their iron rimmed hoofs in remorseless tread crush the stones to powder and crush through the flesh and bones of helpless riders who chance to fall. As front against front these furious riders plunge, their sweeping sabers slashing edge against edge, cutting a way through opposing ranks, gashing faces, breaking arms and splitting heads, it is a scene of wildest war, a whirling tempest of battle, short lived, but terrible.—General John B. Gordon in Scribner's.

HAPPY HITS.

Don't open a set of account books when you do a kindness for anybody.

Advantages always look larger than disadvantages, even when the scales are balanced.

Don't marry money. You can spend the money, but you can't spend the trouble you may get with it.

Somehow when a brother and sister quarrel it comes nearer to what a man and wife say than any other thing.

Occasionally you know a man you can't help admiring, but who is such a fool that you want to beat him to death.

Somehow a scrambled egg reminds us of a failure. The cook didn't get the egg out whole, so she scrambled it. Some people make scrambled eggs of half they do.

When a man's folks are away and he goes to a restaurant to eat it seems pretty tough to pay 35 cents for a meal. At home he doesn't realize that he is paying anything.—Atchison Globe.

The Revolution in a Nutshell.

The following contribution to historic literature on the American Revolution was made by a little lady to a short story competition in a Philadelphia newspaper. The writer, a schoolgirl of ten years, epitomizes the whole Valley Forge experience in the following terse sentences:

"There was a Revolutionary war. The British revolutioned Philadelphia. So Mr. Washington took a lot of soldiers to Valley Forge. Mr. Washington hadn't any thing for the soldiers to eat, so they had to go barefoot. Mr. Washington felt very bad, so he asked Benjamin Franklin. Benjamin Franklin felt bad, to, so he asked the king of France. The king of France sent a lot of soldiers, so we licked the British."

A Famous Bell.

One of the biggest bells in the world is in Cologne cathedral and is known as the "Gloriosa." It was cast from twenty-two French cannon captured in the Franco-Prussian war and was presented to the cathedral by the kaiser. It bears the German arms and two inscriptions. One, in Latin, expresses the emperor's gratitude for the divine mercy in granting him victory. The other, in German, declares: "I am the emperor's bell, and I proclaim his glory. I fill a sacred post, and I pray heaven to grant peace and prosperity to the German empire."

Reciprocity.

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present, "I always manes to do me duty."

"I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

"Thank yer honor," replied Pat, "and may all your friends and acquaintances trate you as liberally."—London Telegraph.

Unwelcome Advice.

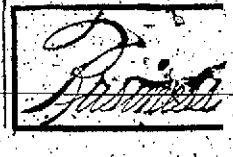
Fortune Teller (to gayly dressed girl)—Your husband will be a poor man—unless—

Maiden (eagerly)—Unless what?

"You dress more economically after marriage than you do now."—London Tit-Bits.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.

Every man's task is his life preserver.—Emerson.



Affords better opportunities for capable, ambitious, energetic young people than any other department of human activity. The **Rochester Business Institute** has a national reputation for thorough work, and its graduates are in constant demand. Many times during the last year the managers were compelled to say to applicants for young men and women to fill general, remunerative positions: "Nobody to send—the supply is exhausted." Catalogue free. Rochester, N.Y.

Jefferson and the Patent Office.

The first patron of our patent system was Thomas Jefferson, who, during three years gave his personal attention to every application for a patent. He used to call the secretary of war and the attorney general to examine and scrutinize with him, and they did it so thoroughly that in one year—the first—they granted only three patents. The very first patent of all was given to Samuel Hopkins in 1790 for pearl ashes. Mr. Jefferson held that the patent system was not one for creating revenue, but for encouraging a production of that which is to be of benefit to the whole people. In the first twelve years a single clerk in the state department and a few pigeonholes were all that the business of the office required. Then a Dr. Thornton took charge of it and devoted himself to it as to a hobby.

Spiders Like Music.

A violinist says spiders are notoriously and historically fond of music. At one of his performances the concert hall was made disagreeable by a sudden invasion of spiders, which were drawn by his violin out from the cracks and crannies of the ancient building. They crawled about the floor and on to the stage, and he could see the annoyed audience stamping on the insects. The writer adds that he has known a small garden snake to be attracted by piano playing and a young calf to whisk his tail and prance about most gleefully at the first notes of a French horn. His neck would curve about proudly, his hoofs tread lightly and his ears wag joyously when the tooting began, and he never quieted down till the music ceased.

Peculiar Privileges.

The speaker of the house of commons has several peculiar privileges. Every year he receives a gift from the master of the buckhounds of a buck and doe killed in the royal preserves. This custom goes back so far that there is no record of it. Later in the year the speaker receives another tribute from a different source. The donors on the second occasion are the Cloth Workers' company of London, who send to the speaker of the house of commons and to several of his majesty's ministers a generous width of the best broadcloth to be found in England.

Her Audience.

"How are you getting on with your music, my dear?" inquired a lady of her niece.

"Well, of course," replied the niece diffidently, "it wouldn't be proper of me to compliment myself, but some of the neighbors have told me they have stayed awake at night for hours listening to my playing."

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License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the application of Sone Lunden, occupation, policeman, now residing in Mt. Jewett, Pa., for transfer of Hotel License granted May 18, 1903, to Geo. M. Kensternaker for the sale of malt liquors and brewed liquors by retail, in quantities not exceeding one quart, for a hotel in the borough of Mt. Jewett, Pa., known as the Lunden House, will be heard by the Hon. Jos. W. Bouton at his chambers in Smethport, on August 8th, A. D. 1903, at 11 o'clock a. m.

GALUSHA E. BOUTON, Att'y. for Petitioner.

July 25, 1903.

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